No. 7

GEO. M. BAKER'S

READING CLUB

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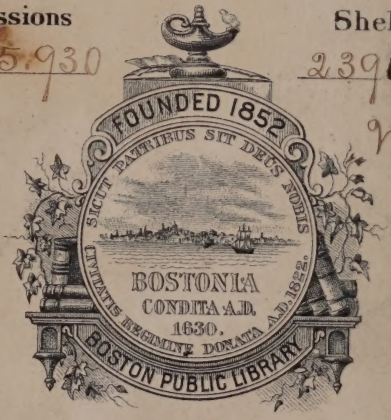

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READING CLUB

AND

HANDY SPEAKER:

BEING

SERIOUS, HUMOROUS, PATHETIC, PATRIOTIC, AND DRAMATIC SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND POETRY,

FOR

READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

EDITED BY

GEORGE M. BAKER.

No. 7.

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THE READING-CLUB.

A ROYAL PRINCESS.

I, A PRINCESS, king-descended, decked with jewels, gilded, drest,
Would rather be a peasant with her baby at her breast,
For all I shine so like the sun, and am purple like the west.

Two and two my guards behind, two and two before,
Two and two on either hand, they guard me evermore;
Me, poor dove, that must not coo, — eagle, that must not soar.

All my fountains cast up perfumes, all my gardens grow
Scented woods and foreign spices, with all flowers in blow
That are costly, out of season as the seasons go.

All my walls are lost in mirrors, whereupon I trace
Self to right hand, self to left hand, self in every place,
Self-same solitary figure, self-same seeking face.

Then I have an ivory chair, high to sit upon,
Almost like my father's chair, which is an ivory throne;
There I sit uplift and upright, there I sit alone.

Alone by day, alone by night, alone days without end;
My father and my mother give me treasures, search and spend —
O my father! O my mother! have you ne'er a friend?

As I am a lofty princess, so my father is
A lofty king, accomplished in all kingly subtilties,
Holding in his strong right hand world-kingdoms' balances.

He has quarrelled with his neighbors, he has scourged his foes;
Vassal counts and princes follow where his pennon goes,
Long-descended valiant lords whom the vulture knows,

On whose track the vulture swoops, when they ride in state
To break the strength of armies, and topple down the great:
Each of these my courteous servant, none of these my mate.

My father, counting up his strength, sets down with equal pen
So many head of cattle, head of horses, head of men;
These for slaughter, these for labor, with the how and when.

Some to work on roads, canals; some to man his ships;
Some to smart in mines beneath sharp overseers' whips;
Some to trap fur-beasts in lands where utmost winter nips.

Once it came into my heart and whelmed me like a flood,
That these, too, are men and women, human flesh and blood;
Men with hearts and men with souls, though trodden down
like mud.

Our feasting was not glad that night, our music was not gay;
On my mother's graceful head I marked a thread of gray;
My father frowning at the fare seemed every dish to weigh.

I sat beside them, sole princess in my exalted place;
My ladies and my gentlemen stood by me on the dais:
A mirror showed me I look old and haggard in the face;

It showed me that my ladies all are fair to gaze upon,
Plump, plenteous-haired, to every one love's secret lore is
known;
They laugh by day, they sleep by night; ah me, what is a
throne?

The singing men and women sang that night as usual,
The dancers danced in pairs and sets, but music had a fall,
A melancholy, windy fall as at a funeral.

Amid the toss of torches to my chamber back we swept;
My ladies loosed my golden chain; meantime I could have wept
To think of some in galling chains, whether they waked or slept.

I took my bath of scented milk, delicately waited on,
They burned sweet things for my delight, cedar and cinnamon,
They lit my shaded silver lamp, and left me there alone.

A day went by, a week went by. One day I heard it said:
"Men are clamoring, women, children, clamoring to be fed;
Men like famished dogs are howling in the streets for bread."

So two whispered by my door, not thinking I could hear,
Vulgar, naked truth, ungarnished for a royal ear;
Fit for cooping in the background, not to stalk so near.

But I strained my utmost sense to catch this truth — and mark:
"There are families out grazing, like cattle in the park."
"A pair of peasants must be saved even if we build an ark."

A merry jest, a merry laugh, each strolled upon his way;
One was my page, a lad I reared and bore with day by day;
One was my youngest maid, as sweet and white as cream in May.

Other footsteps followed softly with a weightier tramp;
Voices said: "Picked soldiers have been summoned from the camp
To quell these base-born ruffians who make free to howl and stamp."

"Howl and stamp?" one answered: "they made free to hurl a stone
At the minister's state coach, well aimed and stoutly thrown."
"There 's work, then, for the soldiers, for this rank crop must be mown."

"One I saw, a poor old fool, with ashes on his head,
Whimpering because a girl had snatched his crust of bread:
Then he dropped; when some one raised him, it turned out he was dead."

"After us the deluge," was retorted with a laugh:
"If bread 's the staff of life, they must walk without a staff."
"While I've a loaf they're welcome to my blessing and the chaff."

These passed. The king: stand up. Said my father, with a smile:
"Daughter mine, your mother comes to sit with you a while,
She 's sad to-day, and who but you her sadness can beguile?"

He too left me. Shall I touch my harp now while I wait,
(I hear them doubling guard below before our palace gate,)
Or shall I work the last gold stitch into my veil of state;

Or shall my woman stand and read some unimpassioned scene,
There 's music of a lulling sort in words that pause between;
Or shall she merely fan me while I wait here for the queen?

Again I caught my father's voice in sharp word of command:
"Charge!" a clash of steel: "charge again, the rebels stand.
Smite and spare not, hand to hand; smite and spare not, hand to hand."

There swelled a tumult at the gate, high voices waxing higher;
A flash of red reflected light lit the cathedral spire;
I heard a cry for fagots, then I heard a yell for fire.

"Sit and roast there with your meat, sit and bake there with your bread,
You who sat to see us starve," one shrieking woman said:
"Sit on your throne and roast with your crown upon your head."

Nay, this thing will I do, while my mother tarrieth,
I will take my fine-spun gold, but not to sew therewith,
I will take my gold and gems, and rainbow-fan and wreath;

With a ransom in my lap, a king's ransom in my hand,
I will go down to this people, will stand face to face, will stand
Where they curse king, queen, and princess of this cursed land.

They shall take all to buy them bread, take all I have to give;
I, if I perish, perish; they to-day shall eat and live;
I, if I perish, perish; that's the goal I half conceive:

Once to speak before the world, rend bare my heart and show
The lesson I have learned, which is death, is life, to know.
I, if I perish, perish; in the name of God, I go.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

A REMINISCENCE.

A FEW weeks since I stood on the walls of Fort Moultrie, in Charleston harbor. The other fortresses, on the north and south sides of the harbor, were all in sight; and one of them, an object of special historical interest, about a mile distant, and a heap of ruins, was the famous Fort Sumter, the object of the first hostile shot fired in the late Rebellion.

Vividly to my mind came up another scene I had witnessed in this same harbor some fifty years before. On one of the most lovely mornings in June, our ship sailed down this harbor, bound to New York. We had some fifty passengers, southern gentlemen and ladies, escaping from the heat of the Sunny South, and seeking the cooler watering-places of the North. A splendid breeze was filling all our sails, and we were making a delightful outset in our voyage, when suddenly a loud shout of the chief mate roused the attention of all on board. A slave, a fine-looking young man, had secreted himself among the cotton-bales, in the hope of escaping the miseries of slavery. But he was doomed to a most bitter disappointment. The mate of the ship, in putting things to rights under deck, for the voyage, had found him, and dragged him from his place of concealment. And now the poor slave stood before us, his little bag of provisions by his side, the saddest picture of misery and despair.

The southern passengers gathered about him without a sign of sympathy for the miserable man. On the other hand, they made him the helpless victim of every species of scoff and insult the language could afford. The poor man stood there, and bore it all, his face a picture of suffering never to be forgotten.

As South Carolina law fixed the severest penalties on the abduction of a slave, the captain of the ship backed his topsails, and signalled for the pilot, who had just left us, to return. I saw the poor slave go down upon the deck of the pilot-boat, to be returned to his master.

Back to his master! No! He would take the terrible alternative of meeting another Master. He leaped into the sea, sank into its depths, and was seen no more!

No funeral knell was sounded over the death and burial of the poor slave. But in that very harbor, and over the very spot of that watery grave, was afterward sounded the funeral knell of that system of oppression which caused that sad suicide. The thunder of cannon did not wake him from his slumbers,

but did awake a mighty nation to the shame and wrong of slavery. Shot and shell flew fiercely over the very spot where I saw the last scene of a life that oppression extinguished. The roar of hostile armaments was a dirge, announcing the approaching end of a system of wrong and misery the greatest that man can afflict upon his fellows.

H. B. HOOKER, D.D.

THE LAST HYMN.

THE Sabbath day was ending, in a village by the sea,
The uttered benediction touched the people tenderly,
And they rose to face the sunset in the glowing, lighted west,
And then hastened to their dwellings for God's blessed boon of rest.

But they looked across the waters, and a storm was raging there;
A fierce spirit moved above them, — the wild spirit of the air, —
And it lashed and shook and tore them, till they thundered, groaned, and boomed,
And alas for any vessel in their yawning gulfs entombed!

Very anxious were the people on that rocky coast of Wales,
Lest the dawns of coming morrows should be telling awful tales,
When the sea had spent its passion and should cast upon the shore
Bits of wreck and swollen victims, as it had done heretofore.

With the rough winds blowing round her, a brave woman strained her eyes,
And she saw along the billows a large vessel fall and rise.
Oh! it did not need a prophet to tell what the end must be,
For no ship could ride in safety near that shore on such a sea.

Then the pitying people hurried from their homes and thronged the beach.
Oh! for power to cross the waters and the perishing to reach!
Helpless hands were wrung for sorrow, tender hearts grew cold with dread,
And the ship, urged by the tempest, to the fatal rock-shore sped.

"She has parted in the middle! Oh, the half of her goes down!
God have mercy! Is heaven far to seek for those who drown?"
Lo! when next the white, shocked faces looked with terror on the sea,
Only one last clinging figure on the spar was seen to be.

Nearer the trembling watchers came the wreck tossed by the wave,
And the man still clung and floated, though no power on earth could save.
"Could we send him a short message? Here's a trumpet. Shout away!"
'Twas the preacher's hand that took it, and he wondered what to say.

Any memory of his sermon? Firstly? Secondly? Ah, no!
There was but one thing to utter in the awful hour of woe;
So he shouted through the trumpet: "Look to Jesus! Can you hear?"
And "Ay, ay, sir!" rang the answer, o'er the waters, loud and clear.

Then they listened. "He is singing, 'Jesus, lover of my soul!'"
And the winds brought back the echo, "While the nearer waters roll;"
Strange, indeed, it was to hear him, "Till the storm of life was past,"
Singing bravely from the waters, "Oh, receive my soul at last!"

He could have no other refuge. "Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not." The singer dropped at last into the sea.
And the watchers, looking homeward through their eyes with tears made dim,
Said, "He passed to be with Jesus in the singing of that hymn."

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

THE FOOL'S PRAYER.

THE royal feast was done; the king
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before:
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the patient grin he wore.

He bowed his head and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept,—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say,—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripe must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders,—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The king; and sought his garden cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low:
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

ATLANTIC.

THE DEAD STUDENT.

IT doesn't seem — now does it, Jack? — as if poor Brown were dead;
'Twas only yesterday at noon he had to take his bed.
The day before he played first base, and ran M'Farland down;
And then, to slip away so sly — 'twas not at all like Brown.

The story seems too big to take. 'Most any one will find
It's sometimes hard to get a man well laid out in his mind.
And Brown was just afire with life. 'Twouldn't scare me, I avow,
To hear a whoop, and see the man go rushing past here now.

Poor Brown! he 's lying in his room, as white as drifted snow.
I called upon him, as it were, an hour or two ago.
A-rushing into Brownie's room seemed awkward-like and queer:
We haven't spoken back and forth for something like a year.

We didn't pull together square a single night or day;
Howe'er I went he soon contrived to find another way.
He ran against me in my loves: we picked a dozen bones
About that girl you used to like — the one that married Jones.

He worked against me in the class, before my very eyes.
He opened up and scooped me square out of the Junior prize.
In the last campus rush we came to strictly business blows,
And from the eye he left undimmed I viewed his damaged nose.

In fact, I came at last to feel — and own it with dismay —
That life would be worth living for, if Brown were out the way.
But when I heard that he was dead, my feelings tacked; and then
I would have given half my life to get his back again.

I called upon him, as it were, an hour or two ago.
The room was neat beyond excuse — the women made it so.
Be sure *he* had no hand in that, and naught about it knew.
To see the order lying round had made him very blue.

A sweet bouquet of girlish flowers smiled in the face of Death.
Straight through the open window came the morning's fragrant breath.
Close-caged, a small canary-bird, with glossy, yellow throat,
Skipped drearily from perch to perch, and never sung a note.

With hair unusually combed, sat poor M'Farland near,
Alternately perusing Greek, and wrestling with a tear.
A homely little girl of six, for some old kindness' sake,
Was sobbing in the corner there as if her heart would break.

The books looked worn and wretched-like, almost as if they knew,
And seemed to be a-whispering their titles to my view.
His rod and gun were in their place; and high, where all might see,
Gleamed jauntily the boating-cup he won last year from me.

I lifted up the solemn sheet. That honest, earnest face
Showed signs of culture and of toil that death could not erase.
As western skies at twilight mark where late the sun has been,
Brown's face revealed the mind and soul that once had burned within.

He looked so grandly helpless there, upon that lonely bed!
Oh, Jack! these manly foes are foes no more when they are dead!
"Old boy," I sobbed, "'twas half my fault. This heart makes late amends."
I took the white cold hands in mine — and Brown and I were friends.

WILL CARLETON.

GREATEST WALK ON RECORD.

BROTHER BELL, of the Colored Bethel congregation, at a recent prayer-meeting, took occasion, in the course of an exhortation upon the duties of life, to fire a passing shot at the walking-mania now so prevalent, and developed some facts in relation to pedestrian feats that seem hitherto to have escaped notice. He said:

"My beloved bredren and sisters, dar is one ting I'm bound to say to you befo' I closes de exercizes dis nite, and dat is, don't you take no stock in dis yere walkin' bisness. Let dem white tramps, men and wimmin, alone; don't you spen' your money or your preshus time runnin' round arter dem; and for de Lord's sake, and your own, don't you try to make fools ob yourselfs by tryin' to do likewise. You men will find plenty ob exercize in 'tendin' to your work, an' you wimmin enuff to do ober your wash-tubs an' nussin' your babies, 'stead ob trampin' roun' an' roun' de sawdust, day on an' day off, jiss to please a passel ob fools, an' ruin your own helf.

"Besides, my b'loved frens, all de braggin' dat dey duz 'bout dere 'long walks,' 'long times,' an' what dey calls 'fizzikal endoorinse,' ain't wuth shucks when you comes to compare dem wid one pufformance dat tuk place thousands ob years ago; an' de reason dey don't menshun it is bekase none ob dese 'sportin'' folks eber reads dare Bibles. Well, I'll tell you what it wuz; an' it's de greatest 'sportin' match,' as dey calls it, dat eber come off on de face ob dis yearf. None ob your 'hippy-drum' bisness heah. No, sah! No, sah! Fair heel an' toe walkin'—judges appinted, track measured, time kep' (accordin' to de Skripturs), an' a reckord made—yes, an' a reckord dat can't be denied, 'cause here it is—yes, here it is, in dis preshus Book!

"Now, jiss turn ober your Bibles, my frens, an' look at fift chapter ob Genesis, twenty-second vuss, an' what do you fine? Why, you fine dat 'Enoch—walked—wid—God!' (after he begatted Meefoosaly)—three hundred years'!—Three hundred years!! Dar was a walk for you! Jiss shut yo' eyes an' 'fleet on it! Three hundred years!!! Besides, de reckord says dat when de ole man made dat match, an' had dat chile (who kep' on livin' until he was nine hundred an' sixty-nine years ole—monsus good stuff in dat family!)—I say, when de ole man made dat match, an' had dis chile, he wuz sixty-five years ob age, an' den walked three hundred years! Talk 'bout

yo' 'fizzikal endoorinse' after dat! Talk 'bout yo' 'pluck' an' yo' 'grit' after dat! Why, de ole man has done laid out all ob dese nowadays blowers as flat as a dead shad! So much for dis 'straordinary pufformance;' but dat ain't all ob it. Dere's mo' yet.

"If you'll jiss look at de twenty-fourth vuss ob de same chapter, you will fine, my b'loved frens, what a orful warnin' is in dat vuss to po' foolish creturs who has de conceit to make sich onekal matches. Did any good cum ob de ole man Enoch's walk? Did he make anyting outen it? No! No! He loss by it — loss eberyting by it — neber 'peared in de ring agin — in fack, he 'went up.' Jiss read de vuss: 'An' — Enoch — walked — wid — God — an' — he — was — not' (dat is, he warn't nowhar), 'for God tuck him.' 'God tuck him!' To be shuah, he tuck him! He was boun' to be tuck! He helt out a long time, de ole man did; he was game to de last; he was doin' his level best, but 'Ole Master' was too long in de stride, an' too sound in de wind for him, an' tuck him on de last roun'. Yes, my b'loved frens, an' he'll take anybody dat tries dat game on him, an' histe him higher'n a kite, jiss as he did Ole Boss Enoch. So take warnin' by dis orful lesson; let all dis kind ob foolishness alone, an' tend to yo' proper callin's, like good Christshuns."

DRAWING WATER.

I WAS drunk, with lip unsated, where the fonts of pleasure burst,
I had hewn out broken cisterns, and they mocked my spirit's thirst,
And I said: "Life is a desert spot, and measureless and dry,
And God will not give me water, though I pray, and faint, and die."
Spoke there then a friend and brother: "Rise, and roll the stone away,
There are wells of water hidden in thy pathway every day."
Then I said my heart was sinful, very sinful was my speech:
"All the wells of God's salvation are too deep for me to reach."
And he answered: "Rise and labor, doubt and idleness is death;
Shape thee out a goodly vessel with the strong hands of thy faith."
So I wrought and shaped the vessel, then bent lowly, kneeling there,
And I drew up living water with the golden chain of prayer.

THIS SIDE AND THAT.

A GODLY BALLANT.

THE rich man sat in his father's seat —
  Purple an' linen, an' a' thing fine!
The puir man lay at his gate i' the street,
  Sairs an' tatters, an' weary pine!

To the rich man's table ilk dainty comes;
  Mony a morsel gaed frae't, or fell;
The puir man fain wad hae dined on the crumbs,
  But whether he got them I canna tell.

Servants prood, saft-fittit an' stoot,
  Stan' by the rich man's curtained doors;
Maisterless dogs 'at rin aboot
  Cam to the puir man an' lickit his sores.

The rich man deed, an' they buried him gran';
  In linen fine his body they wrap;
But the angels tuik up the beggar-man,
  An' laid him doon in Abraham's lap.

The guid upo' this side, the ill upo' that —
  Sic was the rich man's waesome fa';
But his brithers they eat, an' they drink, an' they chat,
  An' care na a strae for their father's ha'.

The trowth 's the trowth, think what ye will;
  Ah! some they kenna what they wad be at;
But the beggar-man thought he did no that ill,
  Wi' the dogs o' this side, the angels o' that.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

CIVIL WAR.

"RIFLEMAN, shoot me a fancy shot
  Straight at the heart of yon prowling vedette;
Ring me a ball in the glittering spot
  That shines on his breast like an amulet."

"Ah, captain, here goes for a fine-drawn bead;
There's music around when my barrel's in tune."
Crack! went the rifle, the messenger sped,
And dead from his horse fell the ringing dragoon.

"Now, rifleman, steal through the bushes, and snatch
From your victim some trinket to hansel first blood;
A button, or loop, or that luminous patch
That gleams in the moon like a diamond stud."

"Oh, captain, I staggered, and sank on my track,
When I gazed on the face of that fallen vedette,
For he looked so like you, as he lay on his back,
That my heart rose upon me, and masters me yet.

"But I snatched off the trinket — this locket of gold;
An inch from the centre my lead broke its way,
Scarce grazing the picture, so fair to behold,
Of a beautiful lady in bridal array."

"Ha! rifleman, fling me the locket! 'Tis she,
My brother's young bride — and the fallen dragoon
Was her husband. Hush, soldier, 'twas heaven's decree;
We must bury him there by the light of the moon.

"But, hark! The far bugles their warnings unite;
War is a virtue — weakness a sin;
There's a lurking and loping round us to-night —
Load again, rifleman, keep your hand in!"

ANONYMOUS.

A MODERN SERMON.

THE following exhibits the method upon which the average parson constructs his delectable discourses: —

"Brethren, the words of my text are:

"'Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.'

"These beautiful words, dear friends, carry with them a solemn lesson. I propose this evening to analyze their meaning, and to apply it, lofty as it may be, to our every-day life.

"'Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone.'

"Mother Hubbard, you see, was old; there being no mention of others, we may presume she was alone; a widow — a friendless, old, solitary widow. Yet, did she despair? Did she sit down and weep, or read a novel, or wring her hands? No! *she went to the cupboard.* And here observe that she *went* to the cupboard. She did not hop, or skip, or run, or jump, or use any other peripatetic artifice; she solely and merely *went* to the cupboard.

"We have seen that she was old and lonely, and we now further see that she was poor. For, mark, the words are '*the* cupboard.' Not 'one of the cupboards,' or the 'right-hand cupboard,' or the 'left-hand cupboard,' or the one above, or the one below, or the one under the floor; but just *the* cupboard — the one humble little cupboard the poor widow possessed. And why did she go to the cupboard? Was it to bring forth golden goblets, or glittering, precious stones, or costly apparel, or feasts, or any other attributes of wealth? *It was to get her poor dog a bone!* Not only was the widow poor, but her dog, the sole prop of her age, was poor too. We can imagine the scene. The poor dog crouching in the corner, looking wistfully at the solitary cupboard, and the widow going to that cupboard — in hope, in expectation, may be — to open it, although we are not distinctly told that it was not half open or ajar, — to open it for that poor dog.

"'But when she got there the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.'

"'When she got there!' You see, dear brethren, what perseverance is. You see the beauty of persistence in doing right. *She got there.* There were no turnings and twistings, no slippings and slidings, no leaning to the right, or faltering to the left. With glorious simplicity we are told *she got there.*

"And how was her noble effort rewarded?

"'The cupboard was bare!' It was bare! There were to be found neither oranges, nor cheese-cakes, nor penny bunns, nor gingerbread, nor crackers, nor nuts, nor lucifer-matches. The cupboard was bare! There was but one, only one solitary cupboard in the whole of that cottage, and that one — the sole hope

of the widow, and the glorious loadstar of the poor dog — was bare! Had there been a leg of mutton, a loin of lamb, a fillet of veal, even an 'ice' from Gatti's, the case would have been different, the incident would have been otherwise. But it was bare, my brethren, bare as a bald head, bare as an infant born without a caul.

"Many of you will probably say, with all the pride of worldly sophistry, 'The widow, no doubt, went out and bought a dog-biscuit.' Ah, no! Far removed from these earthly ideas, these mundane desires, poor Mother Hubbard, the widow, whom many thoughtless worldlings would despise, in that she owned only one cupboard, perceived — or I might even say saw — at once the relentless logic of the situation, and yielded to it with all the heroism of that nature which had enabled her, without deviation, to reach the barren cupboard. She did not attempt, like the stiff-necked scoffers of this generation, to war against the inevitable; she did not try, like the so-called men of science, to explain what she did not understand. She said nothing. 'The poor dog had none!' And then at this point our information ceases. But do we not know sufficient? Are we not cognizant of enough?

"Who would dare to pierce the veil that shrouds the ulterior fate of Old Mother Hubbard, the poor dog, the cupboard, or the bone that was not there? Must we imagine her still standing at the open cupboard-door; depict to ourselves the dog still dropping his disappointed tail upon the floor, the sought-for bone still remaining somewhere else? Ah! no, my dear brethren, we are not so permitted to attempt to read the future. Suffice it for us to glean from this beautiful story its many lessons; suffice it for us to apply them, to study them as far as in us lies, and bearing in mind the natural frailty of our nature, to avoid being widows; to shun the patronymic of Hubbard; to have, if our means afford it, more than one cupboard in the house; and to keep stores in them all. And, O dear friends! keeping in recollection what we have learned this day, let us avoid keeping dogs that are fond of bones. But, brethren, if we do, if Fate has ordained that we should do any of these things, let us then go, as Mother Hubbard did, straight, without curveting or prancing, to our cupboard, empty though it be — let us, like her, accept the inevitable with calm steadfastness; and should we, like her, ever be left with a hungry dog and an empty cupboard, may future chroniclers be able to write also of us in the beautiful words of our text — 'And so the poor dog had none.'"

THAT CALF.

An old farmer, one morn, hurried out to his barn,
Where the cattle were standing, and said,
While they trembled with fright, "Now which of you, last night,
Shut the barn-door, while I was in bed?"
Each one of them all shook his head.

Now the little Spot, she was down in the lot,
And the way the rest did was a shame;
For not one, night before, saw her close up the door,
But they said that she did, all the same;
For they always made her bear the blame.

Said the horse, Dapple-gray, "I was not up this way
Last night, as I now recollect;"
And the bull, passing by, tossed his horns very high,
And said, "Where's the one to object,
If I say, 'tis *that calf*, I suspect?"

"It is too wicked now," said the old brindle cow,
"To accuse honest folks of such tricks;"
Said the cock in the tree, "I am sure 'twasn't me;"
All the sheep just said "Bah!"—there were six—
And they thought now *that calf*'s in a fix!

"Of course we all knew 'twas the wrong thing to do,"
Cried the chickens; "Of course," mewed the cat.
"I suppose," said the mule, "some folks think me a fool,
But I'm not quite so simple as that;—
Well, *that calf* never knows what she's at!"

Just then the poor calf, who was always the laugh
And the jest of the yard, came in sight;—
"Did you shut my barn-door?" said the farmer once more;
And she answered, "I did, sir, last night,
For I thought that to close it was right."

Now each beast shook his head. "She'll catch it," they said;
"Serve her right, for her meddlesome way."
Cried the farmer: "Come here, little bossy, my dear,
You have done what I cannot repay,
And your fortune is made from to-day.

"Very strangely, last night, I forgot the door quite,
And if you had not closed it so neat,
All the colts had slipped in, and gone straight to the bin,
And got what they ought not to eat; —
They'd have foundered themselves upon wheat."

Then each beast of them all began loudly to bawl;
The mule tried to smile, the cock crew.
"Little Spotty, my dear, you're the favorite here,"
They all cried, "we're so glad it was you!"
But *that calf* only answered them, "Boo!"

PHŒBE CARY.

THE NEW DIXIE.

OH, I'se gwine to leave dis land ob cotton!
Pork am sceerce, an' I works for nottin':
Away! away! away! Dixie land.
Dis Dixie's land whar I was born in,
'Tain't no place fur raisin' corn in;
Away! away! away! Dixie land!
Den I wished I was in Kansas —
Away! away!
Wid Gideon's band in Kansas land,
To lib an' die in Kansas —
Away! away! away up Norf in Kansas.

From what I hears from Elder Thomas,
Dat Kansas am de land ob promise!
Away! away! away! Dixie land.
Dey's catfish, eels, an' plenty o' chicken,
An' none o' dis boddersome cotton-pickin'!
Away! away! away! Dixie land!

Dere's Preacher Johnson, Uncle Neddy,
An' all dat flock hab left already —
Away! away! away! Dixie land.
From de Baptis' Church in Raccoon Bottom
So many is gone I'se done forgot 'em!
Away! away! away! Dixie land!

De Ribber Belle went up las' night;
I nebber seed sich a lively sight!
Away! away! away! Dixie land.
She was black wid niggers. Dey yell, "Hoo-hoo!"
An' we yell back, "We's a-comin' too!"
Away! away! away! Dixie land!

Dey ain't no use o' talkin'; I spec'
I'll 'gage a berf on de forward deck —
Away! away! away! Dixie land;
I'se agwine to leab dis berry day;
Dis ain't no place for a nigger to stay.
Away! away! away! Dixie land!
I'se agwine away to Kansas —
Away! away!
In de promised land I'll take my stand,
To lib an' die in Kansas!
Away! away! I'se off up Norf fur Kansas.

G. L. C.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

"Is you the editor?"

The writer looked up from the desk on two small "gamins" with dirty faces, who had entered the sanctum and stood nervously twitching their ragged caps before him.

"Yes, sir; what do you want?"

"Well, you see, the 'Irish Boys' and the 'Silver Stars' had a game of ball to-day, and we kinder thought as we'd like ter have it published."

"Is that really so? I knew those two crack clubs were going to play, but I thought it was next week. To which club do you belong?"

"We belong to the Silver Stars. I'm ketcher, and he's

short-stop. And we waxed them other fellers — didn't we, Bill?"

"You bet!" responded Bill.

"Why didn't you say so before? The Irish Boys are a good enough club, but, by Jove, give me the Silver Stars! Why, I'm delighted to meet both of you;" and "the editor" rose up, shook both of them warmly by the hands, and yelled for the "printer's devil" to "bring the gentlemen chairs."

The two redoubtable Silver Stars looked at each other very much perplexed, and seemed at a loss whether to sit down or dash out of the office. Finally they adopted the former plan, and pulling their chairs over near the door, so as to be ready to start out at the first sign of hostilities, sat suspiciously eying "the editor," who intrenched himself behind a mass of paper, pencil in hand.

"Now, then, tell me all about the game, and I'll write it down."

"Well, the Irish Boys, they wus a braggin' they could beat us, and we said we had 'twenty-five cents which said they couldn't. We played 'em, and give 'em six goose eggs."

"Oh, now, boys," said the editor, "don't tell any lies! It is wrong to lie. Where could you get goose eggs this time of the year?"

The catcher and the short-stop of the Silver Stars looked at "the editor" in amazement, and then seemed to be mentally deciding that he was an infernal idiot.

"We mean to say," continued the catcher of the Silver Stars, who was the first to recover from the shock to which they had been subjected, "that we whitewashed 'em."

"Oh, I see," said the editor, with a sudden burst of intelligence, "you put whitewash over them until they looked like goose eggs. By Jove! that was a good idea."

"No," said the catcher of the Silver Stars, with rising ire, "we skunked 'em, you know — skunked 'em."

"Skunked 'em — what do you mean by that?"

"Why, we Chicagoed 'em — gin 'em no runs."

"Oh, now I see," said the editor, almost bursting into a roar of laughter at the look of intense relief which came over the faces of the two Silver Stars. "Go right on."

"We got right on ter the balls of the pitcher of the Irish Boys in the last innin's, and we pounded the life out of him."

"Hold on," said the editor, rapidly writing: "The Silver

Stars stood on the ball in the first inning, and almost killed the pitcher of the Irish Boys when he tried to get it."

For two whole minutes the Silver Stars regarded each other in speechless astonishment. Then the short-stop pityingly asked:

"Mister, did you ever play base-ball?"

"Very little," said the editor, making herculean efforts to keep his face straight; "but I'll scratch this out, if it is not all right."

"'Course it isn't right. We means to say we hit his balls easy; we knocked 'em hard. I hit him for three bags, and made a home run."

"You did," said the editor, dashing off at a tremendous rate on the paper. "The catcher of the Silver Stars hit three bags with the ball, and then ran home with them."

This was too much. The two Silver Stars got up and unanimously concluded that they must go.

"What is your hurry?" asked the editor, again shaking their hands warmly; "stay a little while longer. If you can't, come up this afternoon, and bring all your friends with you — glad to see you any time."

The catcher of the Silver Stars blew his nose, wiped it on the cuff of his coat, and led the way down stairs in deep thought.

At the bottom of the first flight his feelings could no longer control themselves.

"Bill," muttered he, "if that feller ain't the ignorantest cuss I ever seed, why, yer can jist shoot me."

"Yes," replied Bill; "but he's awful friendly — ain't he?"

UNCLE MELLICK DINES WITH HIS MASTER.

Ol' marster is a cur'us man, as sho as yo' is born;
I's wukkin' in de crib one day a-shellin' o' some corn,
An' he was standin' at de do'; — I "knowed it?" no, sah, not!
Or, fo' de king! dese jaws uv mine, I'd sh'ly kept 'em shot.
But to Bru. Simon, shellin' too, what should I do but say:
"I's starvin' sence I lars has eat — a week ago to-day."

Den marster cussed and hollered: "Here 's a shame and a disgrace!
I, so long a planter, — a starved nigger on my place!
Come, Mellick, drap dat corn, an' walk straight to de house wid me;
A starvin' nigger on my place 's a thing shall nebber be."

"Hi! *me* eat 'long de white folks, sah?" "Yes, Mellick, take a seat."
Den to missis: "Dis starved nigger I's done fotch to make 'im eat," —
An' he drawed a big revolvah, an' he drapped it by his plate, —
"Gub 'im soup! an' 'twixt de swallers don' lemme see yo' wait."
Dat soup was fine, I tell yo', an' I hide it mighty soon; —
One eye sot on de pistol, an' de t'udder on de spoon.
"Fish for Mellick, in a hurry, he 's a-starvin', don't yo' see?"
(Dem mizable house-niggers tucked dar heads an' larfed at me.)
An' I went for dat red snapper like de big fish for de small; —
Glarnced at de navy-shooter onct, den swallered bones an' all.

"Gub 'im tucky, ham an' aigs, rice, taters, spinach, sparrergrars,
Bread, hom'ny, mutton, chicken, beef, corn, turnips, apple-sars,
Peas, cabbage, aig-plant, artichoke," — (Dat pistol still in view,
An' de white folks dey all larfin', an' dem silly niggers too,) —
"Termaters, carrots, pashnips, beets," — ("When is he gwine git done?") —
"Squash, punkin, beans, an' kercumbers — eat, Mellick, don't leabe none;
For dis here day 's done brung to me a shame an' a disgrace; —
I, so long a planter, — a starved nigger on my place!"

Dem things, ef I'd bin by myself, I'd soon put out o' sight:
But de com'cal sitiwation dar, it spile my appetite.
I had to wrastle wid dem wittles hard enough dat day!
Till "Now champagne for Mellick!" I heard ole marster say,
When dat nigger shoot de bottle by my hade — I 's sho'ly skeered;
Dat stuff it look so bilin' hot, to drink it I was feared;
But arter I'd done swallered down a glass, I feel so fine
I gin de sitiwation not so very much to min'; —
An' den a little restin'-spell I sorter tried to take,
But, Lor! ole marster hollered, "Gub 'im puddin', pie, an' cake!" —

Wid de han' upon de pistol, an' de debbil in he eye! —
"An', Mellick, down wid all! — onless yo' is prepar'd to die."

I hurried home dem goodies like I hudn't eat dat day;
Till marster see I couldn't pack anoder crumb away;
An' den he say: "Now, Mellick, to de crib, git up an' go!
An' de naix time yo' is starvin' come to me an' lemme know."
But, Lor'! in dat ar bizniss I kin nebber show my face; —
An' dar's nebber bin anoder starvin' nigger on de place!

J. R. EGGLESTON.

MAUD'S MISERY.

MAUD MULLER on a mild March day
Vowed she would move on the first of May.

Not but the house she occupied
With modern improvements was supplied;

But when on the paper her eyes she set,
And saw the advertisements "To Let,"

Her comfort died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast, —

A longing that well-nigh drove her mad
For a nicer house than the one she had.

Larger, cheaper, in better repair;
Five minutes' walk from everywhere;

A basement kitchen without a flaw;
A room for her husband's mother-in-law;

A parlor, 18×23,
And a sunny, airy nursery.

She rented a house by no means bad,
Yet not near so nice as the one she had.

And hunting, and packing, and moving day,
Were enough, she said, to turn her gray.

And as on an upturned tub she sate
In the new house, dusty, desolate,

And heard the truckman, *not* "with care,"
Dump a basket of crockery-ware,

She mourned like one of all hope bereft
For the cosy dwelling she had left.

And to herself, in accents saddened,
Whispered softly, "I wish I hadn't."

Then to boss the truckmen she took her way,
Sighing, "I'll move again next May."

Alas for Muller! Alas for Maud!
For chipped veneering and shattered gaud!

Heaven pity them both, and pity us all
Whose wives to questing houses fall;

For of all sad words ever written yet,
The saddest are these: "This house to let."

Ah! if the house she occupies
On earth no woman satisfies, —

In the Hereafter angels may
Build her one where she'll care to stay.

SAN BENITO.

AWAY where California's shores
Are washed by the ocean's play,
Where the San Benito wanders down
To the bay of Monterey;
Along the fertile valley,
Down from the river's mouth,
The shining steels of the 'Frisco road
Stretch on to the sunny South.

A longing for rest had drawn me
Away from the stir and the roar
Of the city's thronging thousands
Down to this quiet shore.
For days I lived as the breezes
That blew from the ocean's breast;
I followed their vague caprices,
And strayed where it pleased me best.

One morn, when a mist hung lightly
O'er hamlet and coast and bay,
I strolled away from the village,
Up the 'Frisco railroad way.

I stopped in front of a hovel
Built just above the track,—
A homely hut of unburned clay,
Rain-stained, and old, and black.
But a touch of a nameless longing
For beauty, and home-like grace,
Was shown in the mass of flowers
That blossomed about the place.

And over the uncouth doorway
Hung grapes with purpling wine,
Mingling their luscious clusters
With the flowers of a trailing vine.

Out 'mong the flowers two children sat,
The breeze with their fair hair playing,
While o'er all, the mist and the rich perfume
Of the thousand flowers were weighing.
A man with a cheery Saxon face
Was training the vines o'er the door;
He glanced at me as he heard my step,
Then scanned me o'er and o'er.

"Good-morning," said I, with a smile and a nod;
Then I glanced at the children twain;
"I'll warrant you're proud of those little men,
Good reason, too, to be vain."

I fancied I saw an unshed tear
  Dimming the honest blue eye;
But the plain face glowed with love and pride,
  And he hastened to make reply.
"You think 'em nice boys? I tell you, sir,
  Go over this land of ours,
An' you'll find few men with half the pluck
  Of them little chaps there in the flowers.

"It wasn't much more 'n a year ago
  The little un there wore dresses;
He wasn't much bigger 'n a loaf of bread,
  An' he hefted naught — Lor' bless us!
But John, he was nine, and my wife, she knew
  That he was a boy to be trusted;
So, one mornin' she rigged 'em ready for play,
  An' the youngsters got up, an' they dusted!

"They must have been gone nigh on to two hours,
  When I came from my work to my dinner;
We looked all around, an' hollered for John;
  But naught could we see of the sinner.

"'Jest gone down the bank to play by the track,'
  I said; but my wife she was worried,
An' she hadn't eat more 'n a mouthful or so,
  When out, with a white face, she hurried.

"An' there were some men, an' held in their arms
  Were them chillern, the little un cryin';
But John lyin' stiff, with no sign of life,
  An' face as white as the dyin'.

"He came to by-'n-by; an' the men told us how
  He saw the big engine come roarin'
Right into a trap some rascals had made,
  Deep holes in the bridge-timbers borin'.

"Do you know, that boy John just grabbed the little un,
  An' down toward that engine went tearin' —
A-yellin' like mad, an' a-wavin' up high
  Little Ed in the red skirt he was wearin'.

"Well, the great train was saved, but not till our John
Fairly under the big wheel was lyin';
While little Ed, out on the grass at one side,
Was kickin' an' screamin' an' cryin.

"Folks call it a miracle; but I guess the good Lord
Spared John from the death so close to him,
To let the world see some true hero-stuff,
For I'm sure that the Almighty knew him."

Out 'mong the flowers the children sat,
The breeze with their fair hair playing,
While o'er all, the mist and the rich perfume
Of a thousand flowers were weighing.

HELEN M. GILBERT.

HOW RANDA WENT OVER THE RIVER.

FROM "KALEB CRINKLE," BY CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.

THE days passed on, gloomy days they were, with no Randa in the school-room.

Dr. Mayweed was sitting in her chamber, watching her breathing, and counting the quick beating of her pulse. There were wrinkles in his brows, such as always came when things were not as he wanted them to be.

"If I could only get it out," said the doctor, with the wrinkles growing deeper. And because he was not able to get "it" out, the sweet young life was burning up. He said it that the father and mother might understand that perhaps Randa was going away from them. They had feared it from the first, and had prayed the Lord to spare her, if it was best for them and best for the child.

The neighbors came to care for her, to fan cooling breezes upon her cheeks, to give her a drink of water, wishing that it might be to her the water of life, — hoping against hope as they saw her wasting away.

And Randa, the while, was sorry she was not at school, and tried to make an excuse to Miss Hyssop, — tried to tell her why she failed in her lesson, why she whispered to White Hair and laughed with Linda.

"Please don't put the black mark against me."

It was the language of a wandering mind.

"There are no black marks against you, my dear child; you are not at school, but here at home with me," said her mother.

"At home! Ain't I at school?"

"No, my darling;" and the mother laid her hand upon the troubled brow.

"But the black marks are against me."

"Miss Hyssop will rub them all out, darling."

"She can't rub 'em out, for there is a great book that God has got, and they are down in that."

So the tender conscience transferred the little misdeeds of the school-room to Heaven's bar of justice. If she had done wrong here, it must be wrong there.

"But Our Father will rub them all out for his dear Son's sake," said the mother.

"If I am sorry for 'em, do you think he will?"

"Yes, my child. He has promised to; and God never fails to keep his promise."

Her eyes are fixed in earnest gaze upon the mother's face. She cannot doubt her word, and the troubled soul, weary with carrying its burden, so little and yet so great, lays it down confidingly at the Saviour's feet.

Deeper now the wrinkles in Doctor Mayweed's brow, deeper the lines of care on the mother's face, deeper the gloom in the father's heart. The sun is going down. The sights and sounds of day are dying.

In the hush and stillness of Randa's chamber, the father, the mother, the doctor, the friends who stand there, can hear the mill-wheel slowly turning in the stream, for the miller is grinding a grist. They hear a heavily laden team rolling slowly over the bridge, — the tramp of the horses' feet, the rumbling of the wheels, — and they think of the waters beneath sweeping on to the fathomless sea, and then their thoughts are of the sweet child who is going down into the dark and silent river of death. Above them, high up in the sky, they hear the night-hawks sadly calling to their mates. The shadows are deepening in the valley, but golden the light of the sun upon the distant mountains. They who have watched the fading life till their hearts are wrung with grief, and who turn away to gaze upon the glory, see a handful of white cloud sail away and vanish, as it were, into heaven. So will the dear one go, — white, beautiful, and pure.

Faint and feeble now her breathing. Slower turns the mill-wheel, for the grinding is almost done. The shadows are creeping up the valley, and the glory fading from the mountains. The team is all but over the bridge. And now the hawks have ceased their calling.

"Randa, darling!"

"Mother."

Nothing more.

The wheel is still, the grinding ended, the team across the bridge, and Randa beyond the river.

The Sabbath comes, the day of peace and rest.

Out from the chamber they bear her, young men carrying the bier, out into the summer air, with lilies on her bosom and a white rose in her hand.

"*Gone!*" It is the bell! With trembling lips it speaks, tolling the knell, and not the passing hour. With slow and faltering steps, walking blindly by the bier, the stricken parents hear the mournful peal.

"*Gone!*" Like a leaden weight it falls upon the father's heart. No more will he enfold her in his arms, or know her sweet caressing, or feel her soft lips pressing on his cheek. At mid-day it is night. Trying with all the strength of manhood not to shed a tear, he walks as in a dream.

"*Gone!*" On him, with streaming eyes, the mother leans. In prayer her lips are moving: "God give me strength to bear it! How can I give her up?

"*Gone!* Her pure young life beguiled the hours. Oh, weary days! Oh, lonely nights! Gone all the happiness of care! all life's sweet pleasures ended! Henceforth her steps I shall not hear. Nor will there be an answer to my calling. But I shall meet her yet again, — not here, but there!"

"*Gone!*" Hand in hand, Bell and Linda, Daisy and Mary, and after them Caleb and Moses, Job and Ben, and all the school, slowly along the pathway moving. With swelling hearts they bear her through the church-yard gates.

"*Gone!*" Leaning on his spade the gray-haired sexton waits. He lifts the coffin-lid; they see her smiling face, and on her brow the light of Heaven! So will she look for evermore.

"*Gone!*" It is over. They drop their flowers in the grave and move away, the bell above them tolling. So they lay her down to sleep, and yet they do not think of her as being there, but as having gone where everything is bright and beautiful and pure.

THE LADIES.

MARK TWAIN'S RESPONSE TO THE TOAST.

I AM proud, indeed, of the distinction of being chosen to respond to this especial toast, to "The Ladies," or to women if you please, for that is the preferable term perhaps; it is certainly the older, and therefore the more entitled to reverence. I have noticed that the Bible, with that plain, blunt honesty which is such a conspicuous characteristic of the Scriptures, is always particular to never refer to even the illustrious mother of all mankind herself as "a lady," but speaks of her as a woman. It is odd, but you will find it is so. I am peculiarly proud of this honor, because I think that the toast to women is one which, by right, and by every rule of gallantry, should take precedence of all others — of the army, of the navy, of even royalty itself — perhaps, though, the latter is not necessary in this day and in this land, for the reason that, tacitly, you do drink a broad general health to all good women when you drink the health of the Queen of England and the Princess of Wales. I have in mind a poem just now which is familiar to you all, familiar to everybody. And what an inspiration that was (and how instantly the present toast recalls the verses to all our minds) when the most noble, the most gracious, the purest, and sweetest of all poets says:

"Woman! O woman! — er—
Wom— "

However, you remember the lines; and you remember how feelingly, how daintily, how almost imperceptibly the verses raise up before you, feature by feature, the ideal of a true and perfect woman; and how, as you contemplate the finished marvel, your homage grows into worship of the intellect that could create so fair a thing out of mere breath, mere words. And you call to mind now, as I speak, how the poet, with stern fidelity to the history of all humanity, delivers this beautiful child of his heart and his brain over to the trials and the sorrows that must come to all, sooner or later, that abide in the earth, and how the pathetic story culminates in that apostrophe—so wild, so regretful, so full of mournful retrospection. The lines run thus:

"Alas! — alas! — a — alas!
— — Alas! — — — — Alas!"

— and so on. I do not remember the rest; but, taken altogether, it seems to me that poem is the noblest tribute to woman that human genius has ever brought forth; and I feel that if I were to talk hours, I could not do my great theme completer or more graceful justice than I have now done in simply quoting that poet's matchless words.

The phases of the womanly nature are infinite in their variety. Take any type of woman, and you shall find in it something to respect, something to admire, something to love. And you shall find the whole joining you, heart and hand. Who was more patriotic than Joan of Arc? Who was braver? Who has given us a grander instance of self-sacrificing devotion? Ah! you remember, you remember well, what a throb of pain, what a great tidal wave of grief swept over us all when Joan of Arc fell at Waterloo. Who does not sorrow for the loss of Sappho, the sweet singer of Israel? Who among us does not miss the gentle ministrations, the softening influences, the humble piety, of Lucretia Borgia? Who can join in the heartless libel that says woman is extravagant in dress, when he can look back and call to mind our simple and lowly mother Eve arrayed in her modification of the Highland costume? Sir, women have been soldiers, women have been painters, women have been poets. So long as language lives the name of Cleopatra will live. And, not because she conquered George III., but because she wrote those divine lines:

> "Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
> For God hath made them so."

Out of the great plains of history tower whole mountain ranges of sublime women, — the Queen of Sheba, Josephine, Semiramis, Sairey Gamp; the list is endless, — but I will not call the mighty roll, the names rise up in your own memories at the mere suggestion, luminous with the glory of deeds that cannot die, hallowed by the loving worship of the good and the true of all epochs and all climes. Suffice it for our pride and our honor that we in our day have added to it such names as those of Grace Darling and Florence Nightingale. Woman is all that she should be — gentle, patient, long-suffering, trustful, unselfish, full of generous impulses. It is her blessed mission to comfort the sorrowing, plead for the erring, encourage the faint of purpose, succor the distressed, uplift the fallen, befriend the friendless, — in a word, afford the healing of her sympathies and a home in her heart for all

the bruised and persecuted children of misfortune that knock at its hospitable door. And when I say, God bless her, there is none among us who has known the ennobling affection of a wife, or the steadfast devotion of a mother, but in his heart will say, Amen!

TWO FISHERS.

One morning when Spring was in her teens —
A morn to a poet's wishing,
All tinted in delicate pinks and greens —
Miss Bessie and I went fishing.

I in my rough and easy clothes,
With my face at the sun-tan's mercy;
She with her hat tipped down to her nose,
And her nose tipped — *vice versa*.

I with my rod, my reel, and my hooks,
And a hamper for lunching recesses;
She with the bait of her comely looks,
And the seine of her golden tresses.

So we sat us down on the sunny dike,
Where the white pond-lilies teeter,
And I went to fishing like quaint old Ike,
And she like Simon Peter.

All the noon I lay in the light of her eyes,
And dreamily watched and waited,
But the fish were cunning and would not rise,
And the baiter alone was baited.

And when the time of departure came,
My bag hung flat as a flounder;
But Bessie had neatly hooked her game —
A hundred-and-fifty pounder.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

LEFT ALONE AT EIGHTY.

WHAT did you say, dear? Breakfast?
Somehow I've slept too late;
You are very kind, dear Effie;
Go tell them not to wait.
I'll dress as quick as ever I can,
My old hands tremble sore,
And Polly, who used to help, dear heart!
Lies t'other side o' the door.

Put up the old pipe, deary,
I couldn't smoke to-day;
I'm sort o' dazed and frightened,
And don't know what to say.
It 's lonesome in the house here,
And lonesome out o' door —
I never knew what lonesome meant
In all my life before.

The bees go humming the whole day long,
And the first June rose has blown,
And I am eighty, dear Lord, to-day —
Too old to be left alone!
O heart of love, so still and cold!
O precious lips, so white!
For the first sad hours in sixty years
You were out of my reach last night.

You've cut the flower; you're very kind;
She rooted it last May;
It was only a slip; I pulled the rose,
And threw the stem away;
But she, sweet, thrifty soul, bent down
And planted it where she stood;
"Dear, maybe the flowers are living," she said,
"Asleep in this bit of wood."

I can't rest, deary — I cannot rest;
Let the old man have his will,
And wander from porch to garden post —
The house is so deathly still;

Wander, and long for a sight of the gate
She has left ajar for me;
We had got so used to each other, dear,
So used to each other, you see.

Sixty years, and so wise and good,
She made me a better man
From the moment I kissed her fair young face,
And our lovers' life began;
And seven fine boys she has given me,
And out of the seven not one
But the noblest father in all the land
Would be proud to call his son.

Oh, well, dear Lord! I'll be patient;
But I feel so broken up;
At eighty years it 's an awesome thing
To drain such a bitter cup.
I know there 's Joseph and John and Hal,
And four good men beside;
But a hundred sons couldn't be to me
Like the woman I made my bride.

My little Polly, so bright and fair!
So winsome and good and sweet!
She has roses twined in her sunny hair,
White shoes on her dainty feet;
And I held her hand — was it yesterday
That we stood up to be wed,
And? — No, I remember; I'm eighty to-day,
And my dear wife, Polly, is dead!

"DASHING ROD," TROOPER.

Rodger Johnson, sturdy trooper,
Deals about him telling blows;
Sniffs the smoky air of carnage
As a dandy smells a rose.

Full a foot above the others
Rides he on his charger black;

From his brow the blood is streaming,
Yet he never turns his back.

Giant trooper, there is meaning
In the whispers of your strokes:
Something more than love of country
That avengeful look provokes.

Tell me, do you still remember
How your little girlish wife,
With a pewter jug of water,
Strove to find you 'mid the strife?

How, at last, she knelt beside you,
As you lay upon the plain
Burning with the heat of battle,
Fainting from excessive pain?

In that blow you give me answer;
You remember well the rest,
How we found her cold beside you,
With a bullet in her breast.

Rodger Johnson, tierce and parry,
Slash and cut into the strife;
There — a half a rod before you,
Stands the slayer of your wife.

Do you falter? Do you tarry?
Rodger Johnson, are you blind?
Does it matter now you face him,
You a younger brother find?

Spur your charger! ride upon him!
Trample him upon the ground!
With your good and trusty sabre
Meet him out a deadly wound!

Heaven help you, Rodger Johnson,
You are down amongst the dead!
Seven bullets through your body,
And a cut across the head.

Close about him, gallant troopers;
Bear him gently to the rear;
Finish with the flying cowards,
Then to-morrow shed a tear.

In the bosom of the hollow
We will place him by his bride;
Love and courage, strength and beauty,
Sweetly sleeping side by side.

With his hacked and bloody sabre
We will trace upon the sod:
"With the colors of his country,
Here reposes Dashing Rod."

S. CONANT FOSTER.

ORIENT YOURSELF.

THE Germans and French have a beautiful phrase which would enrich any language that should adopt it. They say: "*To orient;*" or, "*to orient one's self.*"

When a traveller arrives at a strange city, or is overtaken by night or by a storm, he takes out his compass and learns which way is the East, or Orient. Forthwith all the cardinal points — east, west, north, south — take their true places in his mind, and he is in no danger of seeking for the sunset or the polestar in the wrong quarter of the heavens. *He orients himself.*

When commanders of armies approach each other for the battle, on which the fate of empires may depend, each learns the localities of the ground, — how best he can intrench his front or cover his flank, how best he can make a sally or repel an assault. *He orients himself.*

When a statesman revolves some mighty scheme of administrative policy, so vast as to comprehend surrounding nations and later times in its ample scope, he takes an inventory of his resources, he adapts means to ends, he adjusts plans and movements so that one shall not counterwork another, and he marshals the whole series of affairs for producing the grand result. *He orients himself.*

Young man! open your heart before me for one moment, and let me write upon it these parting words. The gracious God has just called you into being; and, during the few years you have lived, the greatest lesson you have learned is, that you shall never die. All around your body the earth lies open and free, and you can go where you will; all around your spirit the universe lies open and free, and you can go where you will. *Orient yourself!* ORIENT YOURSELF! Seek frivolous and elusive pleasures if you will; expend your immortal energies upon ignoble and fallacious joys; but know, their end is intellectual imbecility, and the perishing of every good that can ennoble or emparadise the human heart. Obey, if you will, the law of the baser passions, — appetite, pride, selfishness, — but know, they will scourge you into realms where the air is hot with fiery-tongued scorpions, that will sting and torment your soul into unutterable agonies! But study and obey the sublime laws on which the frame of nature was constructed; study and obey the sublimer laws on which the soul of man was formed; and the fulness of the power and the wisdom and the blessedness, with which God has filled and lighted up this resplendent universe, shall all be yours!

HORACE MANN.

RHYMES AT RANDOM.

[This poem is made up of single lines from twenty-five English and American poets, beginning with Longfellow and ending with Byron.]

——— "Pearls at random strung,
By future poets shall be sung."

THE night has come, but not too soon;
Westward the course of empire takes its way;
Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon!
Blue spirits and white, black spirits and gray.

Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
Old Casper's work was done;
Piping on hollow reeds to his pent sheep,
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!

There was a sound of revelry by night,
On Linden when the sun was low;
A voice replied far up the height,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.

What if a little rain should say,
I have not loved the world, nor the world me.
Ah! well-a-day!
Woodman, spare that tree!

My heart leaps up with joy to see
A primrose by the water's brim:
Zaccheus he did climb the tree:
Few of our youth could cope with him.

The prayer of Ajax was for light,
The light that never was on sea or shore.
Pudding and beef make Britons fight
Never more!

Under a spreading chestnut-tree,
For hours thegither sat,
I and my Annabel Lee;
A man's a man for a' that.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
In thunder, lightning, or in rain,
None but the brave deserve the fair.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
The child is father of the man;
Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
They can conquer who believe they can.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream;
Whatever is, is right;
And things are not what they seem.
My native land, good-night!

THE CARPENTER'S WOOING.

"Oh, beam of my life, my awl to me!"
He cried, his flame addressing —
"If I 'adze such a love as yours,
I'd axe no other blessing!"
"I am rejoist to hear you speak,"
The maiden said with laughter —
"For though I hammer guileless girl,
It's plane what you are rafter.
Now, if file love you just a bit,
What further will you axe me?
Can — will you be content with that,
Or will you further tax me?"
He looked handsaw her words were square —
"No rival can displace me —
Yes, one more favor I implore,
And that is, dear Em, brace me!"

ST. LOUIS TIMES-JOURNAL.

THE SEQUEL.

SHE came full chisel to his arms;
It really made him stair
To have her make a bolt for him
Before he could prepare.
He tried to screw his courage up,
And did his level best
To nail the matter then and there,
While clasped unto her breast.
Says he: "It augers well for me,
All seems to hinge on this;
And what is mortise plane to see,
The porch child wants a kiss."
He kissed her lip, he kissed her cheek,
And called her his adoored —
He dons his claw-hammer next week,
And she will share his board.

YAWCOB STRAUSS.

A HUMOROUS DARE-DEVIL.

SCENE FROM "RICHELIEU." CARDINAL, DE MAUPRAT, JOSEPH, JULIE.

RICHELIEU *seated at the table, and slowly arranging the papers before him. Enter* DE MAUPRAT.

Rich. Approach, sir. Can you call to mind the hour,
Now three years since, when in this room, methinks,
Your presence honored me?
De Mauprat. It is, my lord,
One of my most —
Rich. (*Drily.*) Delightful recollections.
De Maup. (*Aside.*) St. Denis! doth he make a jest of axe and headsman?
Rich. (*Sternly.*) I did then accord you
A mercy ill requited — you still live!
De Maup. To meet death face to face at last.
Rich. Your words
Are bold.
De Maup. My deeds have not belied them.
Rich. Deeds!
O miserable delusion of man's pride!
Deeds! cities sack'd, fields ravaged, hearths profaned,
Men butcher'd! In your hour of doom behold
The *deeds* you boast of! From rank showers of blood,
And the red light of blazing roofs, you build
The rainbow Glory, and to shuddering Conscience
Cry: Lo! the bridge to Heaven!
De Maup. If war be sinful,
Your hand the gauntlet cast.
Rich. It was so, sir.
Note the distinction: I weighed well the cause
Which made the standard holy; raised the war
But to secure the peace. France bled — I groaned,
But look'd beyond; and in the vista saw
France saved, and I exulted. You — but you
Were but the tool of slaughter — knowing naught,
Foreseeing naught, naught hoping, naught lamenting,
And for naught fit — save cutting throats for hire.
Deeds! marry, deeds!

De Maup. If you would deign to speak
Thus to your armies ere they march to battle,
Perchance your Eminence might have the pain
Of the throat-cutting to yourself.
Rich. (*Aside.*) He has wit,
This Mauprat. (*Aloud.*) Let it pass; there is against you
What you can less excuse. Messire de Mauprat,
Doom'd to sure death, how hast since consumed
The time allotted thee for serious thought
And solemn penitence?
De Maup. (*Embarrassed.*) The time, my lord?
Rich. Is not the question plain? I'll answer for thee.
Thou hast sought nor priest nor shrine; no sackcloth chafed
Thy delicate flesh. The rosary and the death's-head
Have not, with pious meditation, purged
Earth from the carnal gaze. What thou hast *not* done,
Brief told; what done, a volume! Wild debauch,
Turbulent riot: — for the morn, the dice-box —
Noon claimed the duel — and the night the wassail:
These, your most holy pure preparatives
For death and judgment! Do I wrong you, sir?
De Maup. I was not always thus: — if changed my nature,
Blame that which changed my fate. Alas, my lord,
There is a brotherhood which calm-eyed Reason
Can wot not of betwixt Despair and Mirth.
My birthplace 'mid the vines of sunny Provence,
Perchance the stream that sparkles in my veins
Came from that wine of passionate life, which erst
Glow'd in the wild heart of the Troubadour:
And danger, which makes steadier courage wary,
But fevers me with an insane delight;
As one of old who on the mountain-crags
Caught madness from a Mænad's haunting eyes.
Were you, lord, whose path imperial power,
And the grave cares of reverent wisdom guard
From all that tempts to folly meaner men, —
Were you accursed with that which you inflicted —
By bed and board, dogg'd by one ghastly spectre,
The while within youth beat high, and life
Grew lovelier from the neighboring frown of death —
The heart no bud, nor fruit — save in those seeds
Most worthless, which spring up, bloom, bear, and wither

In the same hour. Were this your fate, perchance,
You would have err'd like me!
Rich. I might, like you,
Have been a brawler and a reveller; — not,
Like you, a trickster and a thief —
De Maup. (*Advancing threateningly.*) Lord Cardinal!
Unsay those words! —
Rich. (*Waving his hand.*) Not quite so quick;
Messire de Mauprat is a patient man,
And he can wait! —
You have outrun your fortune;
I blame you not that you would be a beggar —
Each to his taste! — but I do charge you, sir,
That being beggar'd, you would coin false moneys
Out of that crucible called DEBT. To live
On means not yours — be brave in silks and laces,
Gallant in steeds, splendid in banquets; — all
Not *yours* — ungiven, unherited — unpaid for;
This is to be a trickster; and to filch
Men's art and labor, which to them is wealth,
Life, daily bread, — quitting all scores with — "Friend,
You're troublesome?" — Why, this, forgive me,
Is what — when done with a less dainty grace —
Plain folks call "*Theft!*" — You owe eight thousand pistoles,
Minus one crown two liards!
De Maup. (*Aside.*) The old conjurer!
S'death! he'll inform me next how many cups
I drank at dinner!
Rich. This is scandalous,
Shaming your birth and blood. — I tell you, sir,
That you must pay your debts —
De Maup. With all my heart,
My lord. Where shall I borrow, then, the money?
Rich. (*Aside, and laughing.*) A humorous dare-devil — The very man
To suit my purpose — ready, frank, and bold!
[*Rising, and earnestly.*
Adrien de Mauprat, men have called me cruel;
I am not; I am *just!* — I found France rent asunder, —
The rich men despots, and the poor banditti; —
Sloth in the mart, and schism within the temple;
Brawls festering to Rebellion; and weak laws
Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths —

I have re-created France ; and from the ashes
Of the old feudal and decrepit carcass,
Civilization on her luminous wings
Soars, phœnix-like, to Jove ! What was my art ?
Genius, some say, — some, Fortune, — Witchcraft, some :
Not so ; my art was JUSTICE ! — Force and fraud
Misname it cruelty — you shall confute them !
My champion, YOU ! — You met me as your foe.
Depart, my friend — you shall not die. France leads you.
You shall wipe off all stains, — be rich, be honor'd,
Be great — [DE MAUPRAT *falls on his knee* — RICHELIEU *raises him.*] I ask, sir, in return, this hand,
To gift it with a bride, whose dowry shall match,
Yet not exceed, her beauty.

De Maup. I, my lord — [*Hesitating.*
I have no wish to marry.

Rich. Surely, sir,
To die were worse.

De Maup. Scarcely ; the poorest coward
Must die ; but knowingly to march to marriage —
My lord, it asks the courage of a lion !

Rich. Traitor, thou triflest with me ! I know that
Thou hast dared to love my ward — my charge.

De Maup. As rivers
May love the sunlight — basking in the beams,
And hurrying on ! —

Rich. Thou hast told her of thy love ?

De Maup. My lord, if I had dared to love a maid,
Lowliest in France, I would not so have wrong'd her
As bid her link rich life and virgin hope
With one the deathman's gripe might from her side
Pluck at the nuptial altar.

Rich. I believe thee ;
Yet since she knows not of thy love, renounce her ;
Take life and fortune with another ! — Silent ?

De Maup. Your faith has been one triumph. You know not
How bless'd a thing it was in my dark hour
To nurse the one sweet thought you bid me banish.
Love hath no need of words ; — nor less within
That holiest temple — the heaven-builded soul —
Breathes the recorded vow. Base knight, — false lover
Were he, who bartered all that brighten'd grief,
Or sanctified despair, for life and gold.

Revoke your mercy; I prefer the fate
I look'd for!
Rich. (*Calling off.*) Huguet, to the tapestry chamber
Conduct your prisoner.
(*To* MAUPRAT.) You will there behold
The executioner: — your doom be private —
And Heaven have mercy on you!
De Maup. When I am dead,
Tell her I loved her.
Rich. Keep such follies, sir,
For fitter ears. Go —
De Maup. Does he mock me? [*Exit.*
Rich. Joseph,
Come forth.

Enter JOSEPH.

Methinks your cheek has lost its rubies;
I fear you have been too lavish of the flesh;
The scourge is heavy.
Joseph. Pray you, change the subject.
Rich. You good men are so modest! — Well, to business:
Go instantly — deeds — notaries! — bid my stewards
Arrange my house by the Luxembourg — *my* house.
No more! — a bridal present to my ward,
Who weds to-morrow.
Joseph. Weds! with whom?
Rich. De Mauprat.
Joseph. Penniless husband?
Rich. Bah! the mate for beauty
Should be a man, and not a money-chest!
When her brave sire lay on his bed of death,
I vowed to be a father to his Julie; —
And when he died — the smile upon his lips! —
And when I spared the life of her young lover,
Methought I saw that smile again! — Who else,
Look you, in all the court, — who else so well,
Brave, or supplant the favorite; — balk the King —
Baffle their schemes? — I have tried him: he has honor
And courage; qualities that eagle-plume
Men's souls, and fit them for the fiercest sun
Which ever melted the weak waxen minds
That flutter in the beams of gaudy Power!
Besides, he has taste, this Mauprat. When my play was
Acted to dull tiers of lifeless gapers,

Who had no soul for poetry, I saw him
Applaud in the proper places. Trust me, Joseph,
He is a man of an uncommon promise!
Joseph. And yet your foe.
Rich. Have I not foes enow? —
Great men gain doubly when they make foes friends.
Remember my grand maxims! — First employ
All methods to conciliate.
Joseph. Failing these?
Rich. (*Fiercely.*) All means to crush; as with the opening, and
The clenching of this little hand, I will
Crush the small venom of these stinging courtiers.
So, so, we've baffled Baradas.
Joseph. And when
Check the conspiracy?
Rich. Check, check! Full way to it.
Let it bud, ripen, flaunt i' the day, and burst
To fruit — the Dead Sea's fruit of ashes; ashes
Which I will scatter to the winds.
Go, Joseph;
When you return I have a feast for you —
The last great act of my great play; the verses,
Methinks, are fine, — ah, very fine. *You* write
Verses! — (*Aside.*) *Such* verses! — You have wit, discernment.
Joseph. (*Aside.*) Worse than the scourge! Strange that so great a statesman
Should be so bad a poet.
Rich. What dost say?
Joseph. That it is strange so great a statesman should
Be so sublime a poet.
Rich. Ah, you rogue!
Laws die; books never. Of my ministry
I am not vain; but of my muse, I own it.
Come, you shall hear the verses now. [*Takes up a MS.*
Joseph. My lord,
The deeds, the notaries!
Rich. True, I pity you;
But business first, then pleasure. [*Exit* JOSEPH.
Rich. (*Seating himself, and reading.*) Ah, sublime!

Enter DE MAUPRAT *and* JULIE.

De Maup. Oh, speak, my lord! I dare not think you mock me.
And yet —
Rich. Hush, hush — this line must be considered.
Julie. Are we not both your children?
Rich. What a couplet —
How now! Oh, sir — you live!
De Maup. Why, no, methinks;
Elysium is not life.
Julie. (*Aside.*) He smiles! — You smile,
My father. From my heart forever, now
I'll blot the name of orphan.
Rich. Rise, my children,
For ye are mine — mine, both; and in your sweet
And young delight, your love, — life's first-born glory, —
My own lost youth breathes musical.
De Maup. I'll seek
Temple and priest henceforward: were it but
To learn Heaven's choicest blessings.
Rich. Thou shalt seek
Temple and priest right soon; the morrow's sun
Shall see across these barren thresholds pass
The fairest bride in Paris. Go, my children;
Even *I* loved once! Be lovers while ye may.
How is it with you, sir? You bear it bravely;
You know it asks the courage of a lion.

[*Exeunt* DE MAUPRAT *and* JULIE.

Oh, godlike Power! Woe, Rapture, Penury, Wealth —
Marriage and Death, for one infirm old man
Through a great empire to dispense — withhold —
As the will whispers! And shall things, like motes
That live in my daylight; lackeys of court wages;
Dwarf'd starvelings; manikins upon whose shoulders
The burden of a province were a load
More heavy than the globe on Atlas — cast
Lots for my robes and sceptre? France, I love thee!
All earth shall never pluck thee from my heart!
My mistress, France; my wedded wife, sweet France;
Who shall proclaim divorce for thee and me?

[*Exit* RICHELIEU.

BULWER.

HOHENLINDEN.

[Hohenlinden (two German words meaning *high lime-trees*) is the name of a village in Bavaria near which the Austrians, under the Archduke John, were defeated by the French and Bavarians, under General Moreau, December 3, 1800. A snow-storm had fallen in the night before the battle, and had hardly ceased when its first movements began. It is only by virtue of a poetical license that the rivef Iser (pronounced ē′zer) is made a part of the scenery of the contest, as, in point of fact, it is several miles distant.]

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stainéd snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

CAMPBELL.

ST. LEON'S TOAST.

THE feast is o'er! Now brimming wine
In lordly cup is seen to shine
Before each eager guest;
And silence fills the crowded hall
As deep as when the herald's call
Thrills in the loyal breast.

Then up arose the noble host,
And smiling cried, "A toast! a toast!
To all our ladies fair!
Here, before all, I pledge the name
Of Staunton's proud and beauteous dame —
The Lady Gundamere."

Then to his feet each gallant sprung,
And joyous was the shout that rung,
As Stanley gave the word;
And every cup was raised on high,
Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry,
Till Stanley's voice was heard.

"Enough, enough," he smiling said,
And lowly bent his haughty head;
"That all may have their due,
Now each in turn may play his part,
And pledge the lady of his heart,
Like gallant knight and true."

Then one by one, each guest sprang up,
And drained in turn the brimming cup,
And named the loved one's name;
And each, as hand on high he raised,
His lady's grace and beauty praised,
Her constancy and fame.

'Tis now St. Leon's turn to rise;
On him are fixed those countless eyes;
A gallant knight is he;
Envied by some, admired by all,
Far famed in lady's bower and hall —
The flower of chivalry.

St. Leon raised his kindling eye,
And lifts the sparkling cup on high;
"I drink to one," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven in this grateful heart,
Till memory be dead; —

"To one whose love for me will last
When lighter passions long have past —
So holy 'tis and true;
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
Than any pledged by you."

Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
With fury-flashing eye;
And Stanley said: "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name, in careless mood,
Thus lightly to another;
Then bent his noble head, as though
To give that name the reverence due,
And gently said, "My mother!"

THE PATRIOT SPY.

To drum-beat and heart-beat
A soldier marches by;
There is color in his cheek,
There is courage in his eye;
Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat
In a moment he must die.

By starlight and moonlight
He seeks the Briton's camp;
He hears the rustling flag,
And the armed sentry's tramp;
And the starlight and the moonlight
His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread
He scans the tented line;
And he counts the battery guns
By the gaunt and shadowy pine,
And his slow tread and still tread
Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave!
It meets his eager glance;
And it sparkles 'neath the stars
Like the glimmer of a lance;
A dark wave, a plumed wave,
On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a steel clang!
And terror in the sound;
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
In the camp a spy hath found;
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
The patriot is bound.

With calm brow, steady brow,
He listens to his doom;
In his look there is no fear,
Nor a shadow-trace of gloom;
But with calm brow and steady brow
He robes him for the tomb.

In the long night, the still night,
He kneels upon the sod;
And the brutal guards withhold
E'en the solemn Word of God!
In the long night, the still night,
He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
He dies upon the tree;
And he mourns that he can lose
But one life for liberty;
And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
His spirit-wings are free.

But his last words, his message-words,
They burn, lest friendly eye
Should read how proud and calm
A patriot could die,
With his last words, his dying words,
A soldier's battle-cry!

From Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf,
From monument and urn,
The sad of earth, the glad of heaven,
His tragic fate shall learn;
And on Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf
The name of Hale * shall burn.

F. M. FINCH.

HOW NEIGHBOR WILKINS GOT RELIGION.

I'LL tell ye how it war, parson, I got my change of heart,
For I know yer think it mighty queer I've taken sich a start;
But yer ain't no more surprised now 'n I be, 'pon my word,
For I wouldn't ha' believed it if it war a thing I'd heard.

Yer see there war a little child up on the poor-house farm,—
A little girl, so thin an' pale, that somehow tuk to marm;

* Nathan Hale, the patriot martyr of the Revolution.

So the old lady brung her home to trot around the house,
An' sing, an' laugh ; but, lor', she war ez quiet ez a mouse ;
Yer couldn't make her laugh or sing — she'd lift them great brown eyes
Jest like a deer 'll do sometimes afore he ups an' dies ;
But yet she'd put her little arms around my big black neck
(Don't mind that drop on this 'ere book, water don't leave no speck)
An' tell me how she loved us both, me an' my dear old marm,
An' loved us both alike, though mother tuk her from the farm.

An' so her arms an' little face grew tighter round our love,
(Same as them little ones we had that now are gone above,)
Till one hot nooning down she dropped jest like a mowed-down flower,
An' wilted, an' war dead ez death afore the mornin' hour.

But, parson, she war Irish born, an' when she felt to die,
She asked me war I willin' she should have a priest come nigh ;
So out I went an' called one in, (ay ! an' I'd do it agen,
For all I allers thought they war more like women 'n men.)

An', parson, sez he to her, "Dear, you're not afraid to die,
Since God has called you to pass through the gate that Christ rose by ? "
An' sez she, "No, if my Father" — an' kissed this great hard palm —
"Is comin' for to lift me up upon his strong right arm,
An' put me in the dark to bed, I hain't got naught to say ;
But yet I'd like to live, if God war willin' I should stay."

An' so she went. God save us all, who put her safe to bed !
She went with Him ; an' through the everlastin' tears I shed,
I promised on my knees to try an' live ez well ez she,
That Christ beside her might make up another bed for me.

That 's all the story, parson, of how we got the start —
That little dyin' child brung marm an' me a change of heart.

JAMES BERRY BENSEL.

JIM WOLFE AND THE CATS.

We was all boys, then, an' didn't care for nothin' only heow to shirk school, an' keep up a revivin' state o' devilment all the time. This yah Jim Wolfe I was talkin' about was the 'prentice, an' he was the best-hearted feller, he was, an' the most forgivin' an' onselfish, I ever see. Wall, there couldn't be a more bullier boy than what Jim was, take him heow you would; and sorry enough I was when I see him for the last time.

Me an' Henry was allers pesterin' him, an' plasterin' hoss bills on his back, an' puttin' bumble-bees in his bed, an' so on, an' sometimes we'd jist creowd in an' bunk with him, not'standin' his growlin', an' then we'd let on to git mad, an' fight acrost him, so as to keep him stirred up like. He was nineteen, he was, an' long, an' lank, an' bashful; an' we was fifteen an' sixteen, an' pretty tolerabul lazy an' wuthless.

So, that night, you know, that my sister Mary gin the candy-pullin' they started us off to bed airly, so as the comp'ny could have full swing; an' we rung in on Jim tew have some fun.

Wall, our winder looked out onter the ruff of the ell, an' about ten o'clock a couple of old tom-cats got tew rairin' an' chargin' reound on it, an' carryin' on jist like sin.

There was four inches o' snow on the ruff, an' it froze so that there was a right smart crust of ice on it, an' the moon was shinin' bright, an' we could see them cats jist like daylight.

Fust they'd stand off, e-yow-yow-yow, jist the same as if they was a-cussin' one another, you know, an' bow up their backs, an' bush up their tails, an' swell around, an' spit, an' then all of a suddin the gray cat he'd snatch a handful of fur off the yaller cat's back, an' spin him around jist like a button on a barn-door. But the yaller cat was game, an' he'd come an' clinch, an' the way they'd gouge, an' bite, an' howl, an' the way they'd make the fur fly, was peowerful.

Wall, Jim he jist got disgusted with the row, an' 'lowed he'd climb out there an' shake 'em off'n that ruff. He hadn't reely no notion o' doin' it, likely, but we everlastin'ly dogged him, an' bullyragged him, an' 'lowed he'd allers bragged heow he wouldn't take a dare, an' so on, till bimeby he jist histed the winder, an' lo an' behold you! he went — went exactly as he was — nothin' on but his — *ulster*. You ought to a' seen

him! You ought to seen him creepin' over that ice, an' diggin' his toe-nails an' finger-nails in, fur tew keep him from slippin'; and, 'bove all, you ought to seen that — *ulster* a-flappin' in the wind, and them long, ridicklous shanks of his'n a-glistenin' in the moonlight.

Them comp'ny folks was down there under the eaves, an' the whole squad of 'em under that ornery shed o' dead Wash'ton Bower vines — all settin' reound two dozzen sassers o' bilin'-hot candy, which they'd sot in the snow to cool. An' they was laughin' an' talkin' lively; but, bless you! they didn't know nothin' 'bout the panorammy that was goin' on over their heads.

Wall, Jim he jist went a-sneakin' an' a-sneakin' up unbeknowns to them tom-cats — they was a-swishin' their tails, an' yow-yowin', an' threatenin' to clinch, you know, an' not payin' any attention — he went a-sneakin' an' a-sneakin' right up to the comb of the ruff, till he got 'in a foot an' a half of 'em, an' then all of a suddin he made a grab fur the yaller cat! But, by gosh! he missed fire, an' slipped his holt, an' his heels flew up, an' he flopped on his back, an' shot off'n that ruff jist like a dart! — went a-smashin' an' a-crashin' deown thro' them old rusty vines, an' landid right in the dead centre of all them comp'ny people! — sot deown jist like a yearthquake in them two dozzen sassers of red-hot candy, and let off a howl that was hark from the tomb! Them gals — wall, they left, you know. They see he warn't dressed for comp'ny, an' so they left — vamoosed. All done in a second; it was jist one little war-whoop an' a whish of their dresses, an' blame the one of 'em was in sight anywhere!

Jim, he war in sight. He war gormed with the bilin'-hot molasses-candy clean deown to his heels, an' more busted sassers hangin' to him than if he was a Injun princess — an' he came a-prancin' up stairs jist a-whoopin' an' a-cussin, an' every jump he gin he shed some sassers, an' every squirm he fetched he dripped some candy! an' blistered! why, bless your soul, that poor creetur couldn't reely set deown comfortabul fur as much as four weeks.

MARK TWAIN.

PLEDGE TO THE DEAD.

I.

FROM the lily of love that uncloses
In the glow of a festival kiss,
On the wind that is heavy with roses
And shrill with the bugles of bliss,
Let it float o'er the mystical ocean
That breaks on the kingdom of night —
Our oath of eternal devotion
To the heroes who died for the right!

II.

They loved, as we love, yet they parted
From all that man's spirit can prize;
Left woman and child broken-hearted,
Staring up to the pitiless skies;
Left the tumult of youth, the sweet guerdon
Hope promised to conquer from Fate,
Gave all for the agonized burden
Of death for the Flag and the State!

III.

Where they roam on the slopes of the mountain
That only by angels is trod,
Where they muse by the crystalline fountain
That springs in the garden of God.
Are they lost in unspeakable splendor?
Do they never look back and regret? —
Ah, the valiant are constant and tender,
And Honor can never forget!

IV.

Divine in their pitying sadness
They grieve for their comrades of earth;
They will hear us, and start into gladness,
And echo the notes of our mirth:
They will lift their white hands in a blessing
We shall know by the tear that it brings —
The rapture of friendship confessing
With harps and the waving of wings!

V.

In that grim and relentless upheaval
Which blesses the world through a curse,
Still bringing the good out of evil —
The garland of peace on the hearse! —
They were shattered, consumed, and forsaken,
Like the shadows that fly from the dawn;
We may never know why they were taken,
But we always shall feel they are gone.

VI.

If the wind that sighs over our prairies
No longer is solemn with knells —
But lovely with flowers and fairies,
And sweet with the calm Sabbath bells;
If Virtue, in cottage and palace,
Leads Love to the bridal of Pride,
'Tis because out of war's bitter chalice
Our heroes drank deeply — and died!

VII.

Ah, grander in doom-stricken glory
Than the greatest that linger behind,
They shall live in perpetual story,
Who saved the last hope of mankind!
For their cause was the cause of the races
That languished in slavery's night;
And the death that was pale on their faces
Has filled the whole world with its light!

VIII.

To the clouds and the mountains we breathe it,
To the freedom of planet and star;
Let the tempests of ocean inwreathe it,
Let the winds of the night bear it far:
Our oath, that, till manhood shall perish,
And honor and virtue are sped,
We are true to the cause that they cherish,
And eternally true to the dead!

WILLIAM WINTER.

A LONDON BEE STORY.

I HAD an improved back yard. I went through a seed-store and bought a sample of everything that would grow in this climate. The result was a perfect tangle of flowers and things, from an overgrown sunflower to a forget-me-not. Mrs. Bricktop is very proud of our garden, and while gushing over it the other morning, a happy thought worked its way under her back hair: "What a delightful thing it would be to have a hive of bees, and raise our own honey, as well as everything else!" I have always thought that woman inspired ever since she convinced me that I couldn't do better than to marry her. This was an original, bold idea; a happy thought. I promised her a hive of bees, and went to business with a lighter heart, and firmer belief in the genuineness of home comforts and amusements.

I bought a hive of honey-bees and brought it home with me that very night. It was one of those patent hydrostatic, back-action hives, in which the bees have peculiar accommodations and all the modern improvements. It was a nice little hive, none of your old-fashioned barn-size affairs. It even had windows in it, so that the bees could look out and see what was going on, and enjoy themselves. Both myself and Mrs. B. were delighted; and before dark I arranged a stand for the hive in the garden, and opened the bay windows so that the bees could take an early start and get to business by sunrise the next morning. Mrs. B. called me honey several times during the evening; and such sweet dreams as we had!

We intended to be up early next morning to see how our little birds took to our flowers; but a good half hour before we probably should have done so we were awakened by the unearthly yells of a cat. Mrs. B. leaped from her downy couch, exclaiming, "What can be the matter with our yellow Billy?" The yells of anguish convinced us that something more than ordinary was the matter with him, and so we hurried into our toilets. We rushed out into our back yard, and, oh! what a sight met our astonished gaze! The sight consisted of a yellow cat that appeared to be doing its best to make a pin-wheel of itself. He was rolling over and over in the grass, bounding up and down, anon darting through the bushes and foliage, standing on his head, and then trying to drive his tail into the

ground, and all the while keeping up the most confounded yowling that was ever heard.

"The cat is mad," said Mrs. B., affrighted. "Why shouldn't he be? the bees are stinging him," said I, comprehending the trouble. Mrs. B. flew to the rescue of her cat, and the cat flew at her. So did the bees. One of them drove his drill into her nose, another vaccinated her on the chin, while another began to lay out his work near her eye. Then she howled, and began to act almost as bad as the cat. It was quite an animated scene. She cried murder, and the neighbors looked out from their back windows and cried out for the police, and asked where the fire was. This being a trifle too much, I threw a towel over my head and rushed to her rescue. In doing so, I ran over and knocked her down, trod upon the cat, and made matters no better. Mrs. B. is no child on a wrestle, and she soon had me under her, and was tenderly stamping down the garden-walk with my head, using my ears for handles. Then I yelled, and some of the bees came to her assistance, and stung me all over the face.

In the mean time the neighbors were shouting, and getting awfully excited over the show, while our servant, supposing us fighting, opened the basement door and admitted a policeman, who at once proceeded to go between man and wife. The bees hadn't got at Mrs. B.'s tongue yet, and she proceeded to show the policeman that I had abused her in the most shameful manner, and that I had bought a hive of bees on purpose to torment her into the grave. I tried to explain; but just then a bee stung the officer on the nose, and he understood it all in less than a minute. He got mad and actually lost his temper. He rubbed his nose and did some official cussing. But as this didn't help matters any, he drew his club and proceeded to demolish that patent bee-hive. The bees failed to recognize his badge of office, and just swarmed on him. They stung him wherever he had no clothing, and in some places where he did have it. Then he howled, and commenced acting after the manner of the cat and its mistress. He rolled on the ground for a moment, and then got up and made for the street, shouting "fire." Then the bees turned to the people who had climbed upon the fence to see the fun. Then they had some fun. Windows went down, and some of the neighbors acted as though they thought a twenty-inch shell was about to explode.

By this time a fire-engine had arrived, and a line of hose was taken through the house into the back yard. One of the hosemen asked where the fire was; but just then one of the bees bit

him behind the ear, and he knew. They turned a stream upon that half-wrecked bee-hive, and began to "play away" with one hand and fight bees with the other. But the water had the desired effect, and those bees were soon among the things that were. A terrible crowd had gathered in the mean time in front of the house, but a large portion of it followed the flying policeman, who was rubbing his affected parts, and making tracks for the station-house and a surgeon.

This little adventure somehow dampened our enthusiasm regarding the felicity of making our own honey. During the next week we wore milk-and-water poultices pretty ardently, but not a word was said about honey; and now Mrs. B. has gone to stay a week with her mother, leaving me and the convalescent tom-cat and the tickled neighbors to enjoy our own felicity.

QUIZ.

A COLLEGE WIDOW.

WHAT! been in the city all summer,
And grinding away on your Greek?
Well, well! You'll excuse me, old fellow,
But really, you are getting weak!
Conditioned! What of it? I'm always
Conditioned — a regular stack;
But I work them off somehow or other,
And keep myself straight with the Fac.

Why of course, Tom, you ought to have cut it,
And gone off with me and St. Clair;
No end of nice girls and salt water,
And lots of our fellows down there.
If you want any "points" on Nantucket,
Or any adventures to hear,
Just call for them *ad infinitum*,
While Fritz has gone after the beer.

Any snab? Well, you'd think so to see them!
Every girl was a regular belle;
All the ton of New Haven and Boston,
And other ones equally swell.

But one of them, Tom, was a stunner:
She brought down her game on the wing,
For in less than six hours, by Jingo,
She had every man on a string!

Pretty? Rather! Her teeth were like pearls, sir,
Peeping out between coralline bars;
And her eyes, when she smiled on a fellow,
Just twinkled like midnight cigars!
She captured our whole delegation,
A Trinity junior (a swell),
Two cheeky sub-freshmen from Harvard,
And a couple of sophs from Cornell.

Well, we used to walk out in the evening,
To watch the moon's crescent arise;
And some of us thought of the landscape,
But the rest of us thought of her eyes.
And when, on the murmuring water,
The silvery light was aglow,
It appeared like a vision of Eden,
(To the freshmen especially so!)

Such is life. Here, I'll show you the locket
She gave me at parting; and Will
Has a bangle of hers in his pocket —
We keep them for memorabil.
As for me, though, I wasn't enraptured,
In spite of the rose-tint and pearl,
For, somehow, I'm never contented
With only a tenth of a girl.

And she's not very young, let me tell you —
Ten years since they shipped her from school;
And I don't think she'll ever get married,
She can't find a big enough fool.
Her name? Miss Van Arsdel, of Brooklyn.
You met her, you say, in July?
You're engaged to her, Tom? Oh, the dickens!
Beg par—, I — well, hang it — good-bye!

ACTA COLUMBIANA.

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

'Twas the sunset hour, and over the hills
The stately king of day,
With royal pomp like a conqueror old,
Through crimson arches and gates of gold,
Marched on in his glorious way.

In a low-roofed cottage, where woodbines clung,
And clustering roses smiled,
With reverent mien and robe of white,
In the passing sunset's lingering light,
There kneeled a little child.

The folded hands seemed a tropical flower
With petals half unrolled;
And the sweet young face, like a rose-bud fair,
Which the clustering rings of shining hair
Clasped like a calyx of gold.

A voice as sweet as a blue-bird's note
Broke soft on the perfumed air,
While the rose bent low from the sheltering eaves,
And the woodbine hushed its whispering leaves,
As he breathed his evening prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
May I be kept and blessed;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take
Into Thy perfect rest."

Slowly drooped the heavy lids;
Closer the shades drew nigh;
Sleep, like a tender mother, pressed
The weary head upon her breast,
And sang her lullaby.

Swiftly the seasons have come and gone,
Till fourscore years are told;
Again the lingering sun looks down
O'er stubble-field and orchard brown,
And gnarled oaks bearded and old.

While over the mountains that proudly rise
Like castle with turrets high,
The clouds, like banners with billowy fold,
Shaded with crimson and wrought with gold,
Are floating across the sky.

In a shaded room, whose casement low
Looks out on the western skies,
Where woodbines cling to the moss-grown eaves,
And the sunlight creeps through sheltering leaves,
An aged man wearily lies.

Scattered and thin from the bloodless brow
Fall locks of silvery white.
The wasted fingers nerveless lie,
And the light is dim in the faded eye
That watches the sunset bright.

He heeds not the loved ones gathering near,
With voices hushed and low,
He sees not the present, he feels not his pain;
In fancy a child he wanders again
Through scenes of the long ago.

He hears the honey-bee's drowsy hum,
And watches the swallow's flight;
Laughing aloud in his childish glee,
When floating down from the laden tree
Fall feathery blossoms white.

Like a weary child, the worn old man
Lays down his weight of care,
And softly, as in days of yore,
With reverent lips repeats once more
His childhood's evening prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
May I be kept and blessed;
If I should die" — the voice sinks low,
For the soul still green 'neath winter's snow
Has found the wished for rest.

The eyelids droop on the pallid cheek,
As closes the eye of day,
While the last beam touches the forehead cold,
And the silver is turned again into gold
By the lingering sunset ray.

Two wasted hands, blue-veined and white,
Meet on the peaceful breast;
As childhood and age, in his wonderful dream,
Have met on the banks of that mystical stream
That touches the Land of the Blest.

Low sinks the sun, in other skies
To climb with cloudless ray;
And the sunset of earth with its shadow of night
Is the sunrise of Heaven where God is the light
Of Eternity's glorious day.

J. C. HUNTINGTON.

HANNIBAL AT THE ALTAR.*

THE last rays of the setting sun lingered on the towers of Carthage, and tinged with a warm flush the snowy crests of the waves that flung their gray foam to its very ramparts.

. . . . . .

Laughing maidens, bearing their pitchers from the fountains, assembled at the gates; tired camels, that all day long had borne from distant and tributary realms vestments of purple, fragrant gums, and dust of gold, released from their burdens, were feeding beneath the walls, — while from the deck of many a galley the slaves' rude song floated on the evening air.

. . . . . .

In a quiet vale, secluded, yet not distant from the city, beneath the shadow of a palm, reclines a lovely woman; the low-voiced summer wind, stirring the citron groves, has lulled her to rest. The ripe grapes from a pendent vine almost touch her swelling breast. The spray of a neighboring fountain falls in minute drops, like tears of pearl, on her cheek; while a beautiful boy, tired with play, has nestled to her side, half hidden

* By permission of the author. Republication prohibited.

by her flowing locks. Hurried footsteps are heard in the distance, a heavy hand puts aside the branches, and Hamilcar, the chieftain of the Carthaginian armies, stands beneath the shadow of the palm. As he bends forward to look upon his slumbering wife, a ripe grape, shaken by the plume of his helmet from the cluster, falls upon the face of the sleeper, and she awakes. Bright tears of pride and joy glitter in her dark eyes, as, seated at his feet among the flowers, her white arm flung in careless happiness across his sinewy knees and throbbing in his gauntleted grasp, she gazes on the towering form and noble brow on which the stern traces of recent conflict still linger. Tempests have bronzed his cheek, desperate and bloody conflicts left their scars upon him, yet is he not less dear to her than when in joy of youth they crowned the altars of the gods with flowers, sporting among the sheaves at harvest-home. She speaks :

"My lord, is it disaster or business of the state that brings you here? Your eye is troubled, and these iron fingers too rudely press my flesh, as though your thoughts were dark, and fraught with doubt or danger."

"I have left the camp to make good a purpose long since known to thee, — to devote with sacred rites this boy at the altar of Mars, and pledge him to eternal enmity with Rome."

"Is this the weighty business which brings thee at this unaccustomed hour, thine armor soiled with dust, thy brow with sweat, in such fierce haste to pluck this fair child from his mother's breast, and train him up to slaughter? Strange that this great empire, so full of men and arms and fleets of war, should need the arm of childhood to protect it. Stern man, thou lovest me not."

"Why question thus my love? for as this breastplate does my heart defend, so have I cherished and protected thee, while in thy fragile beauty thou hast clung around the warrior's stubborn strength, even as that wreathing vine doth yonder citron clasp, adorning its protector. But little dost thou know, fair wife, of the affairs of nations and of camps. Beneath these shades, where the cool zephyr from Trinacrian hills breathes through the spicy groves, thou hast reposed; no tear has stained thy cheek, except the fountain's pearly drops that glistened there when I thy sleep disturbed.

"Too well I know the Roman's iron strength: in times of truce and intervals of conflict I have seen his daily life, and marked his customs well. The water of the brook to quench his thirst, the dry leaves for his bed, and bread of simplest

preparation, supply his wants. Then, as the fierce she-wolf doth raven for her whelps, so goes he forth to plunder and to prey among the nations, and, for the sake of stealing that which stolen is not worth the keeping, will life and fortune set upon a cast. Show to a Roman senate some patch of sand within mid-Africa, some waste of Alpine rocks, white with eternal snows, where famished peasants watch their starving flocks and wrestle with the avalanche for life; — did Phlegethon with all his burning waves the wretched pittance guard, and fierce Eumenides beleaguer all the shore, yet would a Roman consul dare the flood, do battle with the lion for his sands, and slay the shivering goatherd for his rocks.

"The Romans turn their greedy eyes toward these fair realms: they seek to lay in ashes these ancestral towers, where whatsoever piety reveres, or old affection cherishes, is garnered and bestowed. Nor will they pause till every wave of this encircling sea, crimsoned with the gore of matrons and aged men, and even of the laughing and unconscious babe, shall roll its bloody burden to the shore.

"And most unequal is the conflict. The men who reared these towers and moistened with their blood these battlements, are not: in their stead has come a race of petty shopkeepers and sycophants, having no generous resolve, no strength to keep what their forefathers won. The streets are thronged with youths whose dainty limbs are clad in flowing and embroidered robes, whose jewelled fingers are skilful to touch the lyre, but not to press the war-horse through ranks of thronging spear-men, to draw the Numidian arrow to the head, and dip its thirsty point in hostile blood. The rest are veterans gray with years, and most unfit for service, as the shepherd's dog, stiff with age and pampered with good living, erects his hair and shows his toothless jaws, making in vain a noble front before the gaunt and wiry wolf.

"Our only hope is in the legions I have drawn from Spain, and trained in foreign wars to conflict. But my step, once lighter than the brindled tiger's on the Libyan sands, grows heavy with the weight of years and hardships. Were I to fall, armies would lack a leader, my country one who loves her better than himself, or wife, or child. But the blood that mantles in this boy's cheek is that of heroes; thy ancestors and mine were chieftains of the olden time, and when the lion shall breed sheep will I believe that any of our race and lineage can ever

fail their country in her hour of need. Therefore, despite thy tears, mine own affection, and his tender age, from off thy bosom will I take this child, and as the lion brings his whelps afield with claws half grown, and trains them on the hunters, so will I him. . . . It is not what we choose, but what our country needs and sacred liberty requires, that we must do, though in the conflict our own heart-strings break. He shall be the enemy of Rome in soul and body, and in secret thought. . . . He shall not feed on dainties and sleep on Tyrian purple till he becomes the object of men's sneers. The panther's shaggy hide, the forest leaves, shall be his couch, while on my corselet-scales his cheek shall rest, — the soldier's iron pillow; and when with growing strength and hardihood his bones endure the harness, behind his father's buckler he shall learn to fight, and bathe his maiden sword in blood."

At the altar of Mars, surrounded by a vast throng of citizens, soldiery, and the chief estates of the realm, stands Hamilcar; his helmet down, his features concealed from the crowd. On the opposite side of the altar are his wife and her maidens; at his side the child. Placing his little fingers on the yet quivering flesh of the victim, he said: "Hannibal, son of Hamilcar, swear by this consecrated blood, and in the presence of that dread god of battles on whose altar it smokes, that you will neither love nor make peace with any of Roman blood; should fortune, friends, and weapons fail, you will still live and die the inexorable enemy of Rome."

As he paused, the clear tones of a childish voice, answering, "I swear," rose upon a stillness so deep that the low crackling of the flames that fed the altar-fires was distinctly audible.

It was broken by one wild shriek of agony, as the frantic mother fell fainting into the arms of her maidens.

The stern chieftain spake not, but, as he stooped to raise the child, a single tear, falling between the bars of his helmet upon the upturned face of the wondering boy, told of the agony within.

ELIJAH KELLOGG.

CREEDS OF THE BELLS.*

How sweet the chime of the Sabbath bells!
Each one its creed in music tells,
In tones that float upon the air,
As soft as song and pure as prayer;
And I will put in simple rhyme
The language of the golden chime.
My happy heart with rapture swells
Responsive to the bells — sweet bells.

"In deeds of love excel — excel,"
Chimed out from ivied towers a bell;
"This is the church not built on sands,
Emblem of one not built with hands;
Its forms and sacred rites revere,
Come worship here, come worship here!
In ritual and faith excel,"
Chimed out the Episcopalian bell.

"Oh, heed the ancient *landmarks well*,"
In solemn tones exclaimed a bell,
"No progress made by mortal *man*
Can *change* the just eternal *plan*.
Do not invoke the avenging rod;
Come here, and learn the way to God.
Say to the world *farewell! farewell!*"
Pealed out the Presbyterian bell.

"Oh, swell, ye cleansing waters, *swell*,"
In mellow tones rang out a bell;
"Though faith alone in Christ can *save*,
Man must be plunged beneath the *wave*,
To show the world unfaltering faith
In what the sacred Scripture saith;
Oh, *swell*, ye rising waters, *swell*,"
Pealed out the clear-toned Baptist bell.

* Selected from the poem.

"Not faith alone, but works as well,
Must test the soul," said a soft bell.
"Come here, and cast aside your load,
And work your way along the road,
With faith in God, and faith in man,
And hope in Christ, where hopes began;
Do well — do well — do well — do well,"
Pealed forth the Unitarian bell.

"In after life there is no hell,"
In rapture rang a cheerful bell;
"Look up to Heaven this holy day,
Where angels wait to lead the way.
There are no fires, no fiends to blight
The future life; be just and right.
No hell — no hell — no hell — no hell,"
Rang out the Universalist bell.

"To all, the truth we tell — we tell,"
Shouted, in ecstasies, a bell;
"Come, all ye weary wand'rers, see!
Our Lord has made salvation free.
Repent! believe! have faith! and then
Be saved, and praise the Lord. Amen.
Salvation's free, we tell — we tell,"
Shouted the Methodistic bell.

G. W. BUNGAY.

THE POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

FORTY farmers, hardy and brown,
Famed for peace and sobriety,
Gathered together in Oxford town,
To form a Farmers' Society.

Pumpkins and turnips adorned the room,
Cabbages weighted the furniture,
While cereals hung in a gay festoon —
An agricultural garniture.

Soberly sat those farmers gray,
And solemnly did they cogitate,
How best in a scientific way,
Their fellowship they should designate.

Then up rose Farmer Hill in his turn,
A man renowned for his piety:
"I move," he said, "we call this concern
The Pomological S'iety."

Swiftly sprang Farmer Jones to his feet:
"The point in that name ain't visible,
For it doesn't cover 'taters nor wheat,
The idee is simply risible.

"That word," he argued, "refers to fruit,
And only fruit will it represent—"
But a turnip took him upon the snoot
And stopped the flow of his argument.

Then wrath gleamed wildly from Jones's eye,
And his nose blushed like a geranium,
While, lifting a monstrous pumpkin high,
He dropped it on Hill's bald cranium.

A dozing delegate blinked his eyes
And laughed, "Ha, ha! what a hearty joke;"
So he picked out a man about his size,
And blazed away with an artichoke.

Then all the Society took a hand,
From Secretary to President;
Never was seen a rumpus so grand
In the time of the oldest resident.

And so, while tubers filled all the air,
And fruit flew around in variety,
They settled their cognomen then and there
As the Pummel-logical S'iety.

AVE MARIA.

A BRETON LEGEND.

I.

In the ages of faith, before the day
When men were too proud to weep or pray,
There stood in a red-roofed Breton town,
Snugly nestled 'twixt sea and down,
A chapel for simple souls to meet,
Nightly, and sing with voices sweet,
Ave Maria!

II.

There was an idiot, palsied, bleared,
With unkempt locks and a matted beard,
Hunched from the cradle, vacant-eyed,
And whose head kept rolling from side to side;
Yet who, when the sunset glow grew dim,
Joined with the rest in the twilight hymn,
Ave Maria!

III.

But when they got up and wended home,
Those up the hillside, those to the foam,
He hobbled along in the narrowing dusk,
Like a thing that is only hull and husk;
On as he hobbled, chanting still,
Now to himself, now loud and shrill,
Ave Maria!

IV.

When morning smiled on the smiling deep,
And the fisherman woke from dreamless sleep,
And ran up his sail and trimmed his craft,
While his little ones leaped on the sand and laughed,
The senseless cripple would stand and stare,
Then suddenly holloa his wonted prayer,
Ave Maria!

V.

Others might plough, and reap, and sow,
Delve in the sunshine, spin in the snow,

Make sweet love in a shelter sweet,
Or trundle their dead in a winding-sheet;
But he, through rapture, and pain, and wrong,
Kept singing his one monotonous song,
Ave Maria!

VI.

When thunder growled from the ravelled wrack,
And ocean to welkin bellowed back,
And the lightning sprang from its cloudy sheath,
And tore through the forest with jagged teeth,
Then leaped and laughed o'er the havoc wreaked,
The idiot clapped with his hands, and shrieked,
Ave Maria!

VII.

Children mocked and mimicked his feet,
As he slouched or sidled along the street;
Maidens shrank as he passed them by,
And mothers with child eschewed his eye;
And half in pity, half in scorn, the folk
Christened him, from the words he spoke,
"Ave Maria!"

VIII.

One year when the harvest feasts were done,
And the mending of tattered nets begun,
And the kirtiwake's scream took a weirder key
From the wailing wind and the moaning sea,
He was found, at morn, on the fresh-strewn snow,
Frozen, and faint, and crooning low,
Ave Maria!

IX.

They stirred up the ashes between the dogs,
And warmed his limbs by the blazing logs,
Chafed his puckered and bloodless skin,
And strove to quiet his chattering chin;
But, ebbing with unreturning tide,
He kept on murmuring, till he died,
Ave Maria!

X.

Idiot, soulless, brute from birth,
He could not be buried in sacred earth;

So they laid him afar, apart, alone,
Without a cross, or turf, or stone,
Senseless clay unto senseless clay,
To which none ever came nigh to say,
Ave Maria!

XI.

When the meads grew saffron, the hawthorn white,
And the lark bore his music out of sight,
And the swallow out-raced the racing wave, —
Up from the lonely outcast's grave
Sprouted a lily, straight and high,
Such as she bears to whom men cry,
Ave Maria!

XII.

None had planted it, no one knew
How it had come there, why it grew;
Grew up strong, till its stately stem
Was crowned with a snow-white diadem —
One pure lily, round which, behold!
Was written by God in veins of gold,
"Ave Maria!"

XIII.

Over the lily they built a shrine,
Where are mingled the mystic bread and wine;
Shrine you may see in the little town
That is snugly nestled 'twixt deep and down.
Through the Breton land it hath wondrous fame,
And it bears the unshriven idiot's name,
Ave Maria.

XIV.

Hunchbacked, gibbering, blear-eyed, halt,
From forehead to footstep one foul fault,
Crazy, contorted, mindless-born,
The gentle's pity, the cruel's scorn,
Who shall bar you the gates of Day,
So you have simple faith to say,
Ave Maria?

CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

THE SINGER'S ALMS.

In Lyons, in the mart of that French town,
Years since, a woman, leading a fair child,
Craved a small alms of one, who, walking down
The thoroughfare, caught the child's glance, and smiled
To see behind its eyes a noble soul;
He paused, but found he had no coin to dole.

His guardian angel warned him not to lose
This chance of pearl to do another good;
So, as he waited, sorry to refuse
The asked-for penny, there aside he stood,
And, with his hat held as by limb the nest,
He covered his kind face and sang his best.

The sky was blue above, and all the lane
Of commerce where the singer stood was filled;
And many paused, and, listening, paused again
To hear the voice that through and through them thrilled.

The singer stood between the beggars there
Before the church; and over head and spire,
A slim, perpetual finger in the air,
Held toward heaven, land of the heart's desire,
As though an angel, pointing up, had said,
"Yonder a crown awaits the singer's head."

The hat of its stamped brood was emptied soon
Into the woman's lap, who drenched with tears
Her kiss upon the hand of help. 'Twas noon,
And noon in her glad heart drove forth her tears.
The singer, pleased, passed on, and softly thought,
"Men will not know by whom this deed was wrought."

But when at night he came upon the stage,
Cheer after cheer went up from that wild throng,
And flowers rained on him. Naught could assuage
The tumult of the welcome, save the song
That for the beggars he had sung that day
While standing in the city's busy way.

Oh! cramped and narrow is the man who lives
Only for self, and pawns his years away
For gold, nor knows the joy a good deed gives,
But feels his heart shrink slowly, day by day,
And dies at last, his band of fate outrun:
No high aim sought, no worldly action done.

But brimmed with molten brightness like a star,
And broad and open as the sea or sky,
The generous heart. Its kind deeds shine afar,
And glow in gold in God's great book on high;
And he who does what good he can each day
Makes smooth and green, and strews with flowers his way.

FAMILY PORTRAITS.

SCENE FROM "SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

Picture Room at CHARLES'S. — *Family Pedigree hanging on the Wall. Enter* CHARLES SURFACE, SIR OLIVER SURFACE, MOSES, *and* CARELESS.

Charles S. Walk in, gentlemen; pray walk in — here they are, the family of the Surfaces, up to the Conquest.

Sir O. And, in my opinion, a goodly collection.

Charles S. Ay, ay, these are done in the true spirit of portrait-painting; — no *volontier grace* or expression. Not like the works of your modern Raphaels, who give you the strongest resemblance, yet contrive to make your portrait independent of you; so that you may sink the original and not hurt the picture. No, no; the merit of these is the inveterate likeness — all stiff and awkward as the originals, and like nothing in human nature besides.

Sir O. Ah! we shall never see such figures of men again.

Charles S. I hope not. — Well, you see, Master Premium, what a domestic character I am: here I sit of an evening, surrounded by my family. — But, come, get to your pulpit, Mr. Auctioneer; here's an old gouty chair of my grandfather's will answer the purpose. [*Brings chair forward.*

Care. Ay, ay, this will do. — But, Charles, I haven't a hammer; and what's an auctioneer without his hammer?

Charles S. Egad, that's true; (*taking pedigree down.*) What parchment have we here? Oh, our genealogy in full. Here, Careless, you shall have no common bit of mahogany; here's the family tree for you, you rogue; this shall be your hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree.

Sir O. What an unnatural rogue! — an *ex post facto* parricide! (*Aside.*)

Care. Yes, yes; here's a list of your generation indeed! Faith, Charles, this is the most convenient thing you could have found for the business, for 'twill not only serve as a hammer, but a catalogue into the bargain. Come, begin. — A-going, a-going, a-going!

Charles S. Bravo! Careless. — Well, here's my great-uncle, Sir Richard Raveline, a marvellous good general in his day, I assure you. He served in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye at the battle of Malplaquet. — What say you, Mr. Premium? — look at him; there's a hero, not cut out of his feathers, as your modern clipt captains are, but enveloped in wig and regimentals, as a general should be. What do you bid?

Sir O. (*Aside to* MOSES.) Bid him speak.

Moses. Mr. Premium would have *you* speak.

Charles S. Why, then, he shall have him for ten pounds, and I'm sure that's not dear for a staff-officer.

Sir O. Heaven deliver me! his famous uncle Richard for ten pounds! (*Aside.*) — Very well, sir, I take him at that.

Charles S. Careless, knock down my uncle Richard. — Here, now, is a maiden sister of his, my great-aunt Deborah, done by Kneller in his best manner, and esteemed a very formidable likeness. — There she is, you see, a shepherdess feeding her flock. — You shall have her for five pounds ten — the sheep are worth the money.

Sir O. Ah! poor Deborah! a woman who set such a value on herself! (*Aside.*) — Five pounds ten — she's mine.

Charles S. Knock down my aunt Deborah, Careless. — This, now, is a grandfather of my mother's, a learned judge, well known on the western circuit. — What do you rate him at, Moses?

Moses. Four guineas.

Charles S. Four guineas! — Gad's life! you don't bid me the price of his wig. — Mr. Premium, you have more respect for the woolsack; do let us knock his lordship down at fifteen.

Sir O. By all means.

Care. Gone!

Charles S. And there are two brothers of his, William and Walter Blunt, Esquires, both members of Parliament, and noted speakers; and what's very extraordinary, I believe, this is the first time they were ever bought or sold.

Sir O. That is very extraordinary indeed. I'll take them at your own price, for the honor of Parliament.

Care. Well said, little Premium! — I'll knock them down at forty.

Charles S. Here's a jolly fellow — I don't know what relation, but he was mayor of Norwich: take him at eight pounds.

Sir O. No, no: six will do for the mayor.

Charles S. Come, make it guineas, and I throw the two aldermen there into the bargain.

Sir O. They're mine.

Charles S. Careless, knock down the mayor and aldermen. — But, plague on't, we shall be all day retailing in this manner; do let us deal wholesale: what say you, little Premium? Give me three hundred pounds, and take all that remains on each side in a lump.

Care. Ay, ay, that will be the best way.

Sir O. Well, well, anything to accommodate you; — they are mine. But there is one portrait which you have always passed over.

Care. (*Having put the chair away, comes forward.*) What, that ill-looking little fellow over the settee?

Sir O. Yes, yes, I mean that, though I don't think him so ill-looking a little fellow, by any means.

Charles S. What — that? Oh, that's my uncle Oliver; 'twas done before he went to India.

Care. Your uncle Oliver! Gad! then you'll never be friends, Charles. That now, to me, is as stern a looking rogue as ever I saw: an unforgiving eye, and a damned disinheriting countenance! An inveterate knave, depend on't. Don't you think so, little Premium?

[*Slapping him on the shoulder.*

Sir O. Upon my soul, sir, I do not. I think it as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive; — but I suppose uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber?

Charles S. No, hang it; I'll not part with poor Noll. The old fellow has been very good to me, and, egad, I'll keep his picture while I've a room to put it in. [*Crosses.*

Sir O. The rogue's my nephew, after all. (*Aside.*) — But, sir, I have somehow taken a fancy to that picture.

Charles S. I'm sorry for't, for you certainly will not have it. — Oons! haven't you got enough of them?

Sir O. I forgive him everything. (*Aside.*) — But, sir, when I take a whim in my head I don't value money. I'll give you as much for that as for all the rest.

Charles S. Don't tease me, master broker; I tell you I'll not part with it, and there's an end of it.

Sir O. How like his father the dog is! (*Aside.*) — Well, well, I have done. — I did not perceive it before, but I think I never saw such a resemblance. (*Aside.*) — Here is a draft for your sum.

[*Taking it out of his pocket-book.*

Charles S. Why, 'tis for eight hundred pounds!

Sir O. You will not let Sir Oliver go?

Charles S. Zounds! no! I tell you once more.

Sir O. Then never mind the difference; we'll balance that another time. But give me your hand on the bargain; you are an honest fellow, Charles — I beg your pardon, sir, for being so free. — Come, Moses. [*Crosses.*

Charles S. Egad, this is a whimsical old fellow! But hark'ee, Premium, you'll prepare lodgings for these gentlemen?

Sir O. Yes, yes, I'll send for them in a day or two.

Charles S. But hold; do now send a genteel conveyance for them, for, I assure you, they were most of them used to ride in their own carriages.

Sir O. I will, I will — for all but Oliver.

Charles S. Ay, all but the little nabob.

Sir O. You're fixed on that?

Charles S. Peremptorily.

Sir O. A dear extravagant rogue! (*Aside.*) — Good day! — Come, Moses. — Let me hear, now, who dares call him profligate! [*Exeunt* SIR OLIVER SURFACE *and* MOSES.

Care. Why, this is the oddest genius of the sort I ever met with.

Charles S. Egad, he's the prince of brokers, I think. I wonder how the devil Moses got acquainted with so honest a fellow! — But hark! here's Rowley; do, Careless, say I'll join the company in a few moments.

Care. I will — don't let that old blockhead persuade you to squander any of that money on old musty debts, or any such nonsense; for tradesmen, Charles, are the most exorbitant fellows.

Charles S. Very true; and paying them is only encouraging them. Ay, ay, never fear. [*Exit* CARELESS.] So! this was

an odd fellow, indeed. — Let me see — two-thirds of this, five hundred and thirty odd pounds, are mine by right. 'Fore Heaven! I find one's ancestors are more valuable relations than I took them for. — Ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient and very grateful servant. [*Bows to portraits, and Exit.*

THE IRISH BOY AND THE PRIEST.

A PRETTY Irish boy, whose parents went
By different roads to word and sacrament —
To mother's church an inclination had,
But father unto mass would *force* the lad.
Yet still the boy to church on Sunday stole,
And evidenced a wish to save his soul.
The rector eyed the youth, his zeal approved,
And gave a Bible, which he dearly loved.
This made the enraged father storm and curse,
Lock up *the book*, and use his son the worse.

At length, one Sunday morn, it came to pass,
The father dragged the struggling boy to mass;
The zealous Papists helped to *force* him in,
And begged the priest to pardon all his sin.
"No, by the mass," he said, "I cannot bless
Nor pardon — till the culprit first confess."
"Well," said the boy, "supposing I were willing,
What is your charge?" — "*I'll charge you but a shilling.*"
"Must *all men* pay, and all men make confession?"
"Yes, every man of *Catholic* profession."

"And to whom do *you* confess?" — "Why, the *dean.*"
"And does he charge you?" — "Yes, a white thirteen."
"And do your *deans* confess?" — "Yes, boy, they do
Confess to bishops, and pay sharply too!"
"Do *bishops*, sir, confess, pay, and to whom?"
"Why, they confess, and pay the CHURCH OF ROME."
"Well," quoth the boy, "all this is mighty odd! —
But does the *Pope* confess?" — "Oh, yes — to God."
"And does God charge the Pope?" — "No," quoth the priest,
"He charges nothing." — "Oh, then God's the best —
God's able to forgive, and always willing;
To him I shall confess, and save my shilling!"

THE RETORT.

A SUPERCILIOUS nabob of the East,
  Haughty and grave, and purse-proud, being rich,
A governor, or general, at least,
  I have forgotten which,
Had in his family a humble youth,
  Who went to India in his patron's suite,
An unassuming body, and, in truth,
  A lad of decent parts and good repute.

  This youth had sense and spirit,
    Yet, with all his sense,
    Excessive diffidence
  Obscured his merit.

One day at table, flushed with pride and wine,
  His Honor — proudly free, severely merry —
Conceived it would be vastly fine
  To crack a joke upon his secretary.

"Young man," said he, "by what art, craft, or trade,
  Did your good father earn his livelihood?"
"He was a saddler, sir," Modestus said,
  "And in his line was reckoned good."
"A saddler, eh, and taught you Greek,
  Instead of teaching you to sew!
Pray why, sir, didn't your father make
  A saddler, sir, of you?"
Each parasite, as in duty bound,
  The joke applauded, and the laugh went round.

At length Modestus, bowing low,
  Said, craving pardon if too free he made,
"Sir, by your leave, I fain would know
  Your father's trade."
"My father's trade! why, that's too bad —
My father's trade! why, blockhead, art thou mad?
My father, sir, did never stoop so low;
He was a gentleman, I'd have you know!"
"Excuse the liberty," Modestus said, "I take,"
  With archness on his brow,
"Pray, sir, why did not then your father make
  A *gentleman* of you?"

A FREE SEAT.

[Feeble poetry, but strongly suggestive.]

He was old and poor, and a stranger
In the great metropolis,
As he bent his step thitherward
To a stately edifice.
Outside he inquires, "What church is this?"
"Church of Christ," he hears them say;
"Ah! just the place I am looking for,
I trust He is here to-day."

He passed through the spacious columned door
And up the carpeted aisle,
And as he passed, on many a face
He saw surprise and smile.
From pew to pew, up one entire side,
Then across the broad front space;
From pew to pew down the other side
He walked with the same slow pace.

Not a friendly voice had bid him sit
To listen to gospel truth;
Not a sign of deference had been paid
To the aged one by youth.
No door was opened by generous hand,
The pews were paid for — rented,
And he was a stranger, old and poor,
Not a heart to him relented.

As he paused outside a moment to think,
Then again passed into the street,
Up to his shoulder he lifted a stone
That lay in the dust at his feet,
And bore it up the broad, grand aisle
In front of the ranks of pews;
Choosing a place to see and hear,
He made a seat for his use.

Calmly sitting upon the huge stone,
Folding his hands on his knees,
Slowly reviewing the worshippers,
A great confusion he sees.

Many a cheek is crimsoned with shame,
Some whisper together sore,
And wish they had been more courteous
To the stranger old and poor.

As if by magic some fifty doors
Open instantaneously,
And as many seats, and books, and hands,
Are proffered hastily.
Changing his stone for a crimsoned pew,
And wiping a tear away,
He thinks it was a mistake, after all,
And that Christ came late that day.

The preacher's discourse was eloquent,
The organ in finest tone,
But the most impressive sermon heard
Was preached by an humble stone.
'Twas a lesson of lowliness and worth
That lodged in many a heart,
And the church preserves that sacred stone,
That the truth may not depart.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

VOYAGER upon life's sea, to yourself be true,
And where'er your lot may be, "*Paddle your own canoe!*"
Never, though the winds may rave, falter nor look back;
But upon the darkest wave leave a shining track.

Nobly dare the wildest storm, stem the hardest gale;
Brave of heart and strong of arm, you will never fail.
When the world is cold and dark, keep an aim in view;
And toward the beacon-mark "*Paddle your own canoe!*"

Every wave that bears you on to the silent shore
From its sunny source has gone, to return no more:
Then let not an hour's delay cheat you of your due;
But, while it is called to-day, "*Paddle your own canoe!*"

If your birth denied you wealth, lofty state, and power,
Honest fame and hardy health are a better dower:
But if these will not suffice, golden gain pursue,
And to gain the glittering prize, "*Paddle your own canoe!*"

Would you wrest the wreath of fame from the hand of Fate?
Would you write a deathless name with the good and great?
Would you bless your fellow-men? Heart and soul imbue
With the holy task, and then "*Paddle your own canoe!*"

Would you crush the tyrant wrong, in the world's free fight?
With a spirit brave and strong, battle for the right:
And to break the chains that bind the many to the few—
To enfranchise slavish mind—"*Paddle your own canoe!*"

Nothing great is lightly won, nothing won is lost;
Every good deed, nobly done, will repay the cost:
Leave to Heaven, in humble trust, all you will to do;
But, if you'd succeed, you must "PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE!"

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

A FRIEND of mine was married to a scold,
To me he came, and all his troubles told.
Said he, "She's like a woman raving mad."
"Alas! my friend," said I, "that's very bad!"
"No, not so bad," said he; "for with her, true,
I had both house and land, and money too."
"That was well," said I;
"No, not so well," said he;
"For I and her own brother
Went to law with one another;
I was cast, the suit was lost,
And every penny went to pay the cost."
"That was bad," said I;
"No, not so bad," said he;
"For we agreed that he the house should keep,
And give to me four score of Yorkshire sheep;
All fat, and fair, and fine, they were to be."
"Well, then," said I, "sure that was well for thee."
"No, not so well," said he;

"For, when the sheep I got,
They every one died of the rot."
"That was bad," said I;
"No, not so bad," said he;
"For I had thought to scrape the fat
And keep it in an open vat;
Then into tallow melt for winter store."
"Well, then," said I, "that's better than before."
"'Twas not so well," said he;
"For having got a clumsy fellow
To scrape the fat and melt the tallow,
Into the melting fat the fire catches,
And, like brimstone matches,
Burnt my house to ashes."
"That *was* bad," said I;
"No! not so bad," said he; "for, what is best,
My scolding wife has gone among the rest."

JIMMY BUTLER AND THE OWL.

AN IRISH STORY.

'Twas in the summer of '46 that I landed at Hamilton, fresh as a new pratie just dug from the "ould sod," and wid a light heart and a heavy bundle I sot off for the township of Buford, tiding a taste of a song, as merry a young fellow as iver took the road. Well, I trudged on and on, past many a plisant place, pleasin' meself wid the thought that some day I might have a place of me own, wid a world of chickens and ducks and pigs and childer about the door; and along in the afternoon of the sicond day I got to Buford village. A cousin of me mother's, one Dennis O'Dowd, lived about siven miles from there, and I wanted to make his place that night; so I inquired the way at the tavern, and was lucky to find a man who was goin' part of the way, and would show me the way to find Dennis. Sure he was very kind indade, an' when I got out of his wagon, he pointed me through the wood, and tould me to go straight south a mile and a half, an' the first house would be Dennis's.

"An' you've no time to lose, now," said he, "for the sun is low; an' mind you don't get lost in the woods."

"Is it lost, now," said I, "that I'd be gittin', an' me uncle as

great a navigator as iver steered a ship across the thrackless say! Not a bit of it, though I'm obleeged to ye for your kind advice, and thank yiz for the ride."

'An' wid that he drove off an' left me alone. I shouldered me bundle bravely, an', whistlin' a bit of tune for company like, I pushed into the bush. Well, I went a long way over bogs, an' turnin' round among the bush an' trees till I began to think I must be well-nigh to Dennis's. But, bad 'cess to it! all of a sudden I came out of the woods at the very identical spot where I started in, which I knew by an ould crotched tree that seemed to be standin' on its head an' kickin' up its heels to make divarsion of me. By this time it was growin' dark, and as there was no time to lose, I started in a second time, determined to keep straight south this time, and no mistake. I got on bravely for a while; but och hone! och hone! it got so dark I couldn't see the trees, an' I bumped me nose an' barked me shins, while the miskaties bit me hands an' face to a blister; an' after tumblin' an' stumblin' around till I was fairly bamfoozled, I sat down on a log, all of a trimble, to think that I was lost intirely, an' that maybe a lion, or some other wild craythur, would devour me before mornin'.

Just then I heard somebody a long way off say, "Whip poor Will!" "Bedad!" sez I, "I'm glad it isn't Jamie that's got to take it, though it seems it's more in sorrow than in anger they are doin' it, or why should they say 'poor Will'? an' sure they can't be Injin, haythin, or naygur, for it's plain English they're afther spakin'. Maybe they might help me out o' this;" so I shouted, at the top of my voice, "A lost man!" Thin I listened. Prisently an answer came:

"Who! whoo! Whooo!"

"Jamie Butler, the waiver!" sez I, as loud as I could roar; an' snatchin' up my bundle an' stick, I started in the direction of the voice. Whin I thought I had got near the place, I stopped and shouted again: "A lost man!"

"Who! whoo! whooo!" said a voice right over my head.

"Sure," thinks I, "it's a mighty quare place for a man to be at this time of night; maybe it's some settler scrapin' sugar off a sugar-bush, for the children's breakfast in the mornin'. But where's Will, and the rest of them?" All this wint through me head like a flash; and thin I answered his inquiry:

"Jamie Butler, the waiver," sez I; "an' if it wouldn't inconvanience yer honor, would yiz be kind enough to step down an' show me the way to the house of Dennis O'Dowd?"

"Who! whoo! whooo!" sez he.

"Dennis O'Dowd!" sez I, civil enough; "and a dacent man he is, and first cousin to me own mother."

"Who! whoo! whooo!" sez he again.

"Me mother!" says I; "and as fine a woman as iver peeled a biled pratie wid her thumb-nail; and her maiden name was Molly McFiggin."

"Who! whoo! whooo!"

"Paddy McFiggin! bad luck to yer deaf ould head,—Paddy McFiggin, I say—do ye hear that? An' he was the tallest man in all the county Tipperary, excipt Jim Doyle, the blacksmith."

"Who! whoo! whooo!"

"Jim Doyle, the blacksmith!" sez I, "ye good-for-nothin' blaggurd naygur, and if yiz don't come down and show me the way this min't, I'll climb up there and break ivry bone in your skin, ye spalpeen, so sure as me name is Jimmy Butler!"

"Who! whoo! whooo!" says he, as impident as iver.

I said niver a word, but layin' down me bundle, and takin' me stick in me teeth, I began to climb the tree. Whin I got among the branches, I looked quietly around till I saw a pair of big eyes just forninst me.

"Whist," sez I, "an' I'll let him have a taste of an Irish stick;" an' wid that I let drive an' lost me balance an' came tumblin' to the ground, nearly breakin' me neck wid the fall. Whin I came to me sinsis I had a very sore head, wid a lump on it like a goose-egg, and half of me Sunday coat-tail torn off intirely. I spoke to the chap in the tree, but could git niver an answer at all, at all.

"Sure," thinks I, "he must have gone home to rowl up his head, for, by the powers, I didn't throw me stick for nothin'."

Well, by this time the moon was up, an' I could see a little, an' I detarmined to make one more effort to reach Dennis's.

I wint on cautiously for a while, an' thin I heard a bell. "Sure," sez I, "I'm comin' to a settlement now, for I hear the church-bell." I kept on toward the sound till I came to an ould cow wid a bell on. She started to run; but I was too quick for her, an' got her by the tail an' hung on, thinkin' that maybe she would take me out of the woods. On we wint, like an ould-country steeple-chase, till, sure enough, we came out to a clearin' an' a house in sight wid a light in it. So, leavin' the ould cow puffin' an' blowin' in a shed, I wint to the

house, an', as luck would have it, whose should it be but Dennis's?

He gave me a raal Irish welcome, an' introduced me to his two daughters — as purty a pair of girls as iver ye clapped an eye on. But whin I tould him me adventure in the woods, an' about the fellow who made fun of me, they all laughed an' roared, an' Dennis said it was an owl.

"An ould what?" sez I.

"Why, an owl, a bird," sez he.

"Do ye tell me now?" sez I. "Sure, it's a quare country and a quare bird."

An' thin they all laughed again, till at last I laughed meself that hearty like, an' dropped right into a chair between the two purty girls; an' the ould chap winked at me, an' roared again.

Dennis is me father-in-law now, an' he often yet delights to tell our childer about their daddy's adventure wid the owl.

ANONYMOUS.

A MODERN HEROINE.

"THERE are no heroes now, the race is dead,"
The gay and happy Julia, smiling, said,

Betwixt the changes of the dance. "I know
The last were killed by cannon long ago.

"And as for heroines, — my friend, like you,
They science 'stead of sentiment pursue."

Across the southland swept a bitter cry, —
"Help us! Have pity, for we die, we die!

"In every house one lieth sick or dead.
For grief our hearts cannot be comforted."

Like a great sob that prayer shook all the land;
And gold, and strength of skilful brain and hand,

Were offered as to God, to stay the woe
That o'er the land was going to and fro.

Among the women-nurses one most fair
There was, blue-eyed, with honey-colored hair.

"Where help is needed most, send me," she said.
They sent her to a spot whence all had fled,

Save the plague-stricken. Poverty and sin
Had wrestled there with all their frightful kin.

But brave, unflinching, went the blue-eyed nurse,
To tend and watch sick beggars, thieves, — and worse.

Day after day the dank, warm fog and rain
Made carnival for Death, and grief and pain

Wailed up to God; yet calm, from bed to bed,
She walked betwixt the dying and the dead.

The hot sun, like a golden flame, shone down
Upon the silent, fever-stricken town,

And men took heart; but in an attic lay
The fair-haired stranger-woman all the day;

Nor spake to all the weeping folk who came
To sob a fervent blessing on her name.

And long before a new day dawned, they hid
Her body 'neath a rough-hewn coffin-lid,

And quickly buried it, crying, "Alas!
The brave, true soul has fled. Alas! alas!

"For sorrow all our hearts are like to break:
We hold all women higher for her sake."

And on the tablet set above her breast
Was written, "Julia: entered into Rest."

ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

DOWN HILL WITH THE BRAKES OFF.

WHO was he, going out of the door?
Have you all forgotten him?
You knew him once, but that was before
Hands shook and eyes grew dim.
A very excellent leading man, —
I needn't tell you his name, —
But he took a turn at the whiskey-can,
And you see the end that came.

First an occasional little spree
That didn't amount to much,
Followed by weeks, maybe months, when he
Liquor would scarcely touch;
And now you see how he takes off, boys,
The last drop left in the cup;
He's going down hill with the brakes off, boys,
Won't some of you pull him up?

Back of the Blank Street Theatre —
You've met him? I knew you had;
And his wife? — I see you remember her —
Ah, that was nearly as sad.
A little story of "Led Astray,"
A new Lady Isabel;
A newspaper paragraph — this — one day —
Is all that there is to tell.

She treated him badly enough, of course,
But he blamed himself for this;
And I think it's grief, and perhaps remorse,
That have made him what he is.
It's a sorrow that no man shakes off, boys,
But he tries to drown it in gin;
He's going down hill with the brakes off, boys,
Can't some of you pull him in?

You see the wreck that he is to-day,
I hardly know how he lives,
Except on the dimes that, once in a way,
Some pitying comrade gives.

And even that money he takes off, boys,
And spends it all for a drop;
He's going down hill with the brakes off, boys,
Will nobody make him stop?

It's *not* too late, it's never too late,
Never, this side of the grave;
Though I own a man who travels this gait
Is a difficult man to save;
But there's sometimes a fellow shakes off, boys,
The bondage that holds him low;
He's going down hill with the brakes off, boys,
Will nobody tell him so?

He was as clever as any of you;
Kind, good-hearted, and brave —
A man who used to be stanch and true
Cannot be too late to save.
Clear his life's many mistakes off, boys,
And he'll stand up to the rack —
He's going down hill with the brakes off, boys,
But I'm going to fetch him back.

G. H. JESSOP.

ON THE CHANNEL BOAT.

"WHAT! Fred, you here? I didn't see
You come aboard at Dover.
I met the Browns last week; they said
That you were coming over,
But didn't say how soon."

"Oh, yes;
I came by the Britannic;
And what a rush there was for berths!
'Twas almost like a panic.
I'm mighty glad to meet you, Will.
Where are you going?"

"Paris."

"Good! so am I. I've got to meet
My cousin, Charley Harris,
To-morrow. He and I have planned
A little trip together
Through Switzerland on foot; I hope
We'll have some decent weather."

"Take care there! hold your hat; it blows."

"Yes; how this steamer tosses!
I'm never sea-sick; Charley is
Though, every time he crosses.
Who's with you, Will?"

"I'm travelling with
My sister and my mother;
They're both below. I came on deck;
It's close enough to smother
Down there. These chaps don't care a snap
For ventilation, hang 'em!
Where did you stop in London? We
Were stopping at the Langham."

"You were? why, so was I. But then
I only got there Sunday,
At breakfast time, and went away
The afternoon of Monday.
And yet, within the short sojourn
I lost my heart completely;
Such style! such eyes! such rosy cheeks!
Such lips that smiled so sweetly!
I only saw her twice, and then —
Don't laugh — 'twas at a distance.
But Will, my boy, I tell you what,
In all my blest existence
I ne'er before sat eyes upon
A girl so really splendid.
But, pshaw! I couldn't stay, and so
My short-lived visions ended.
I don't suppose she'll ever know
How I, a stranger, love her."

"Who was she, Fred?"

"Ah! that's just it;
I couldn't e'en discover
Her name, or anything at all
About her. Broken-hearted,
I saw it wasn't any use
To try; so off I started,
And here I am, disconsolate."

"All for an unknown charmer!
You're soft, my boy. Let's stroll abaft;
The sea is growing calmer;
Or forward, if you like. The view
May make your feelings rally.
We're drawing near to France; in half
An hour shall be at Calais.
See! there's the town, and just this side
The port with shipping in it;
And there, beyond, you see the spires,
And —"

"Here, Will, stop a minute.
By Jove! look there! that girl in gray,
With red flowers in her bonnet!
I do declare — I — yes — it's she;
I'd take my oath upon it.
What luck! If I had only known!
How can it be I've missed her?
Look! here she comes!"

"Why, Fred, you fool!
That girl in gray 's my sister!"

G. L. C.

THE PIN.

ONLY a pin, yet it calmly lay
On the tufted floor in the light of day;
And it shone serenely fair and bright,
Reflecting back the noonday light.

Only a boy, yet he saw that pin,
And his face assumed a fiendish grin;
He stooped for a while, with look intent,
Till he and the pin alike were bent.

Only a chair, but upon its seat
A well-bent pin found safe retreat;
Nor had the keenest eye discerned
That heavenward its point was turned.

Only a man; but he chanced to drop
Upon that chair; when, fizz-bang-pop!
He leaped like a cork from out a bottle,
And opened wide his valve de throttle.

Only a yell, though an honest one,
It lacked the element of fun;
And boy and man, and pin and chair
In wild confusion mingled there.

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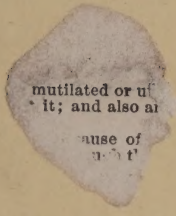

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